

# FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS **WEEKLY** WHO MAKE MONEY.

**"OLD MYSTERY", THE BROKER,**  
OR, PLAYING A DARING GAME (A WALL STREET STORY.)

*By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



Throwing open the door, Bob rushed in and grabbed "Old Mystery" around the waist with both arms, while Will, in accordance with their plan, sprang to the aid of the prisoners, and lost no time in getting them loose.



# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## “Old Mystery,” the Broker

### OR, PLAYING A DARING GAME

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

#### CHAPTER I.—Bob Granger's Introduction to “Old Mystery.”

“Hello! What in thunder is all the racket about?” exclaimed Bob Granger, stopping short on one of the streets of Roseville, New Jersey, as a sudden rumpus arose on a cross street near by.

A chorus of hoots, cat-calls and shouts, evidently in boys' voices, rang out on the air, mingled with the rapid pattering of many feet. Then came the shrill scream of a girl, apparently in great terror.

“Gee! There's a girl in trouble,” cried Bob. “I must see what's up.”

As he started forward a girl, of perhaps seventeen, shot around the corner and came toward him, running as fast as she could. Her long golden hair was flying in the breeze, and her pretty countenance was contorted with fright.

“Save me, oh, save me!” she cried, when she saw Bob.

At that moment around the corner came a bunch of boys, anywhere from ten to fifteen years of age, in scattered order, howling to beat the band. Half a dozen rotten apples came hurtling through the air toward the girl, whom, it was clear, they were chasing. Bob caught the pretty miss as she was falling, and swung her around to save her from the shower of missiles. Then he faced the boys, who slowed up on seeing him, and seemed uncertain whether to continue the attack or not. They kept up their hooting and yelling, however, showering sarcastic and insulting remarks on the girl.

“What's the matter with you fellows?” cried Bob, as the girl clung to him, trembling like an aspen leaf. “What are you abusing this young lady for?”

“She's Old Mystery's gal,” shouted a red-headed youth.

“Old Mystery! What do you mean?”

“Don't you know who Old Mystery is?” returned the boy.

“No. Suppose she is Old Mystery's daughter what has she done?”

“Nothin' but we can't get back at him so we're takin' it out'r her.”

“Oh, you are? A nice lot of cowards to jump

on an innocent girl because you've got a grudge against her father,” replied Bob, contemptuously. “Come now, get a move on and leave her alone.”

“Get a move on yourself, or we'll pelt you.”

“Well, you try it and see where some of you'll land,” retorted Bob, in an aggressive tone.

“Aw, you're a lobster. Soak him, fellers, and then run.”

Half a dozen missiles were thrown at Bob, and then the boys took to their heels. None of the apples or other things hit Bob, so he didn't mind the fusillade. The attacking party retired as far as the corner, from which they assailed Bob with various epithets expressive of their sentiments toward him. Bob gave them no further attention, but turned to the girl.

“You are quite safe now, miss; but I'll see you to your home if you wish.”

“Thank you; I am very grateful to you for saving me from those boys. They have insulted me on the street many times, but never till to-day did they try to attack me.”

“What do they mean by calling your father Old Mystery?”

“The name has been applied to him by the newspapers.”

“What for?”

“I really couldn't tell you what for unless it's because the reporters can't find out anything about him or his business methods.”

“What is his business?”

“He is a stock broker and has an office in Wall Street. He never tells me anything about his business affairs.”

“But that has nothing to do with the boys here in Roseville. They acted as if your father had done them a personal injury.”

“They have annoyed him a great deal of late, following him when he went to the cars in the morning, and calling him names. He had several of them arrested, but the judge let them go with a warning. I suppose that is the cause of the attack made on me to-day. I am only a girl and they are not afraid of me.”

“Will you tell me your name?”

“Eunice Hatch.”

“Thank you. Mine is Bob Granger, and I am

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very happy to have been able to help you out of your trouble."

"You are very kind to take my part, and I thank you once more."

"I considered it my duty to do so. You don't suppose I would stand by and see those rascals chase you and pelt you with apples, do you?"

"How brave you are!" she exclaimed, admiringly. "Why there was quite a crowd of them."

"A crowd that will attack one young girl are too cowardly to tackle a boy who shows fight. I see they've gone away, but I think you had better let me see you home, since they may be watching, expecting that I will leave you."

"I don't like to give you the trouble."

"It's no trouble," replied Bob. "I have lots of time on my hands for I'm out of a job. I came here to see a man who wants a boy in his office in Wall Street. The 'ad.' was in the morning paper. Applicants were directed to apply to 'Adam, No. — High Street, Roseville, at four o'clock. It is nearly four now, and I suppose I'll find a crowd ahead of me, so my chance of catching on I fear is rather slim."

"It was my father who advertised."

"Your father!" exclaimed Bob, in surprise.

It was quite a surprise to Bob to learn that the person whose "ad." he had come to answer was the father of the girl he had rendered a favor to. On the whole he was rather pleased, as it was probable that Eunice Hatch would manage to secure him the job, and he needed a situation badly. He was somewhat curious to learn what sort of man her father was, and what he did in Wall Street, since the newspapers had dubbed him "Old Mystery." The house where Old Mystery and his daughter resided was only a couple of blocks away, so it did not take Bob and the girl long to reach it. It was a somber-looking, old-fashioned dwelling of three stories, surrounded by its own grounds, and standing back about thirty feet from the sidewalk. A tall and rusty iron fence completely surrounded the property.

Access to the grounds was had by the big double gate and small gate beside it. The big one had been provided to admit carriages, but as Old Mystery did not keep a carriage it was always kept locked.

The small one was also locked, but there was a bell for the visitor to ring. The old man carried a key to it, and so did Eunice, but tradesmen, and other callers, had to pull the bell and wait till they were admitted by the servant. Eunice opened the gate and entered the grounds, followed by Bob. They walked up to the front door and the girl used her latch-key. Bob found himself in a wide and gloomy-looking hall, with numerous doors and a wide flight of stairs leading to the floor above. The door of a big, shabbily furnished room on the right was ajar, and through the opening came a murmur of many boys' voices. Eunice looked in and saw fully twenty lads who had doubtless called in reply to her father's advertisement.

She led Bob to a room in the rear of the one where the applicants were assembled and told him to sit down. Then she retired leaving him alone. Bob looked around the room, which had a gloomy air, and saw that the furniture and

fittings were all old-fashioned, but had evidently been of the first quality in their day. The desk, which stood by the window opening on a rear prospect, was of rare old Spanish mahogany, dark and dull looking from age. The drawers, which ran the full length of the desk, had glass handles, while the cover worked on hinges like a flap, and when open for use had to be supported in position by two side arms that were pulled out for that purpose.

The walls were ornamented with a few old pictures, the frames of which had lost their original tint. To an up-to-date lad like Bob the room seemed oppressive, so he turned his attention to what he could see outside the window. Fifteen minutes passed slowly away, and the tarnished ormolu clock on the mantel indicated quarter past four, when the door opened and a tall, elderly man, with a saturnine look, entered the room.

He was all of six feet tall, and looked of powerful physique. Bob rose and bowed. He judged he was in the presence of the girl's father, the man whom the newspapers had christened "Old Mystery."

"Well, young man, your name is Robert Granger, I believe?" he said, in a sepulchral tone.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, respectfully.

"My daughter has informed me that you rescued her from a crowd of boys who attacked her on the street. I thank you for coming to her aid and putting the rabble to flight. Now I understand that when you met her you were on your way here to apply for the position advertised by me in this morning paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had any experience in Wall Street?"

"No, sir; but I worked two years for a broker on State Street in Boston."

"Indeed; that is a recommendation. Who was the broker?"

"Thomas Weed. He retired from business and that threw me out of a job. As I had no parents, and nothing particular to keep me in Boston, I thought I'd come to New York and try and secure a job with a Wall Street trader."

"Are you living in New York?"

"Yes, sir; I'm boarding on Eleventh Street near Broadway."

"When did you arrive here?"

"Two days ago."

"I may assume, then, that you are a complete stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

A look of satisfaction came over Mr. Hatch's face.

"Very well. I will take you on trial. You can report at my office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. There is my card. Your duties will be similar to what you have been accustomed to in Boston; but in addition you will have several things to learn. I will explain what I mean more fully tomorrow. Your wages will be eight dollars to start, which is two dollars more than I have been paying my office boy. The extra money is in consideration of the service you have rendered my daughter, and because I think you will suit me better than the average boy. That is all for the present."

### CHAPTER II.—Old Mystery's New Messenger.

Bob did not hurry away, but stood and looked the house and grounds over as if he wanted to be able to recognize them again. The truth of the matter was, he had taken a decided liking for Eunice Hatch, and he wanted to follow up the acquaintance if he could. Although he had secured a position in her father's office it did not strike him as likely that he would see the girl over there.

"She's a nice girl—the nicest I ever met," he said to himself as he walked away. "It's a shame there is such a crowd of young hoodlums in this neighborhood who are trying to make life miserable for her because they're down on her father. I'd like to catch one of them abusing her and I'd teach him a lesson he'd remember, bet your life."

Then his thoughts turned on the man he was going to work for.

"So he's called Old Mystery? That's a peculiar name to apply to a broker, I must say. All traders naturally keep their business affairs to themselves. There must be something in the background that has given rise to the nickname. I wonder if I'll find out what it is? The newspapers don't apply such a name to a person without some reason. Maybe it's his appearance which has given rise to it, for he certainly does look a bit out of the ordinary, like a man who carried a weighty secret around with him. I wouldn't be astonished if that is why he's called Old Mystery."

Promptly at nine o'clock next morning Bob was standing in front of the office of Adam Hatch, stock broker, on the fourth floor of the Hesperian Building in Wall Street. The door was locked and so Bob had to stand around until somebody came who belonged to the office. He did not have long to wait. A little old wizened-looking man came trotting along from the elevator. He looked sharply at Bob as he unlocked the door, and when the boy followed him inside he said:

"What do you want?"

He spoke sharply and in a high key.

"Mr. Hatch told me to report here this morning at nine o'clock to go to work," replied Bob.

"Oh, you're the new office boy, eh?" said the old man, looking him over critically and apparently not approvingly.

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Robert Granger."

"Where did you work before?"

"In Broker Thomas Weed's office, in Boston."

"How long have you been in New York?"

"About three days."

The old man's sour look relaxed somewhat.

"Then you're a stranger here?"

"I am."

"Where are you living?"

Bob told him, and the information seemed to give him some satisfaction. What he didn't fancy was Bob's bright and alert air. This may seem strange, as it would have secured attention in his favor in any brokerage office in the financial district. The old man, whose name was Caleb Newton, and who was Mr. Hatch's head clerk and confidential assistant, had his reasons.

What those reasons were he kept to himself. Maybe it struck him that Bob looked too smart for the office. As a rule a boy can't be too smart to please his employer, particularly in Wall Street. However, as Mr. Hatch had hired Bob, it must be assumed that he was satisfied with his looks. Such being the case the clerk had no call to find fault with the new boy's appearance. "Take your seat in that chair by the window and wait till Mr. Hatch comes in," said old Newton, who then went behind the rail, took off his overcoat, opened the big safe, and, taking out several account books, was soon busy at work. Five minutes later another clerk came in and went to work without saying a word. About half-past nine customers began to come into the railed-off space allotted to them. This was where Bob sat, and it was provided with chairs and a ticker for the accommodation of visitors who did business with Mr. Hatch, or came in presumably for that purpose. One or two asked for the broker, and Bob told them he had not yet come in. Mr. Hatch arrived about ten minutes of ten and went to his private room. Bob followed him in and assisted him off with his overcoat.

"There are two gentlemen outside who wish to see you," he said.

"Show the first one in," replied the broker.

Bob ushered one of the callers inside. When he came out the boy showed the other in. Soon after the second visitor came out a buzz bell near Bob's chair rang, and Bob took that as a call for himself and went in. He was told to sit down. The broker then proceeded to give him certain special instructions regarding what was expected of him, after which he was handed a note to deliver to a broker in an Exchange Place office building.

He found the trader in, handed him the note, received an answer to it and returned promptly.

"You had no trouble in finding the place, I see," said Mr. Hatch, apparently pleased with the quick time his new boy had made.

"No, sir. I am pretty well acquainted with Wall Street, as I spent a couple of days going over the district in search of a job," replied Bob.

"Ah, that accounts for your promptness in delivering my note. Now do you know where the Mills Building is?"

"Yes, sir; down Broad Street.

"Take this note to the broker whose name is on it. His office is on the third floor, in front."

Bob hurried off again. His first day was a fairly busy one, as business was looking up, and Mr. Hatch had quite a number of customers. On his second visit to the Exchange, where he had been sent by old Newton with a note to Mr. Hatch, who was on the floor, he was eyed curiously by several of the other messengers who had brought notes for various brokers. They recognized him as a stranger and wondered who he was, and for whom he was working. After he had asked for Mr. Hatch one of the boys said:

"You're a new messenger, aren't you?"

"I'm new in Wall Street, if that's what you mean."

"What's your name?"

Bob told him "Who are you working for?"

"Adam Hatch."

"What! are you working for Old Mystery?"

"What do you call him that for?" asked Bob.

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anxious to learn the real reason his employer had acquired the nickname.

"Where did you come from—school?"

"No, from Boston."

"Beantown, eh?" grinned his questioner. "How did you come to catch on with Old Mystery?"

"I wish you'd call him Mr. Hatch. I answered an advertisement of his and got the job."

"You have my sympathy. You wouldn't catch any regular messenger out of a job applying to him for work. I'd sooner shovel fog off the docks than work for Adam Hatch."

"I don't see anything the matter with him."

"Well, wait till you've been with him a while, that is if you're able to hold on. He's always changing his messengers. Had six this years so far. Say, fellers, let me introduce you to Old Mystery's new boy."

He spoke banteringly, and the other messengers regarded Bob with no little curiosity, just as if he was some new species of animal.

At that moment Mr. Hatch came up, took his note and after reading it dismissed him with a nod.

### CHAPTER III.—Clarence Naseby.

He soon noticed that he was becoming an object of interest to the other boys in Wall Street.

They pointed him out to one another as Old Mystery's new messenger, and various small bets were made on the length of his stay in Hatch's office. He had been at work three days when he was stopped on the street by a tough-looking lad.

"Say, are you working for Old Mystery?" said the boy.

"I'm working for Adam Hatch," replied Bob.

"That's Old Mystery, as I guess you know. How long have you been with him?"

"In what way does that matter interest you?"

"It interests me some. I worked for him three weeks and then I saw my finish just as you will pretty soon."

"How do you know I will?"

"Because you're bound to have a run-in with either him or Newton before you're there long. How do you like that old skeesicks?"

"What old skeesicks?"

"Newton, of course. He's a suspicious old gazabo; always finding fault about something."

"I don't know that he is."

"You will know. Say, what's your name?"

"Bob Granger, and as I'm in a hurry I can't stand here and answer any more of your questions."

Thus speaking Bob broke away and hurried off on the errand he had in hand.

"There are some pretty cheeky chaps in Wall Street," thought Bob, as he went on his way. "So that's one of the fellows who worked for my employer? Thinks I won't last long. Well, we'll see whether I will or not. It won't be my fault if I don't. I've worked three days at the office so far, and I don't see anything wrong with Mr. Hatch. I'd like to know why's he called Old Mystery, though. I can't say that I fancy Newton much. I notice that he has his eyes on me a good deal. I am not going to give him any cause to find fault with me, if I can help it."

Bob reached the office he had been sent to and asked for Broker Greene. He was shown into the private room and handed his note to the trader. The broker read it and then looked at Bob with some interest.

"How long have you been working for Mr. Hatch?"

"This is my fourth day."

"How do you like the job?"

"All right, sir."

"Work for any one else in Wall Street?"

"No, sir. I'm from Boston."

"Oh, I see. Well, there's no answer."

Bob took his departure wondering why Mr. Greene had questioned him about his job.

As long as he had worked for Mr. Weed no person to whom he had carried a message had ever questioned him in a similar way. That day was Saturday, and he got his pay—four days' wages. There had been a sudden slump in the market that morning in a certain stock. Bob bought a paper on his way uptown and he noticed reference to the decline.

"It is not clear who was at the bottom of the reaction in J. & B., but it is quite evident that the dropping on the market of a block of 10,000 shares by Old Mystery, at a critical moment, did the trick. A score of traders are asking themselves the question: who is behind Hatch? They have asked that question many times before. They will probably ask it many times again. There isn't a broker in the district who is watched closer than Hatch, yet nobody has found out for whom he operates at times. Perhaps he is the little joker himself—who knows? Wall Street never had a mystery before that it could not fathom some time or another; but Old Mystery seems to have the Street guessing all the time," read Bob.

The boy guessed that his employer must be a pretty slick individual to call forth that paragraph.

Bob walked leisurely up Broadway, for he had lots of time to reach his boarding-house before dinner was on the table.

He was usually one of the first to answer the bell. The other boarders were mainly people who worked for their living, such as clerks and stenographers who had no homes.

The star boarder was the drummer for an educational book publishing house.

He and Bob generally began dinner together, and the rest dropped in one after another. When Bob went to dinner that day the drummer, whose name was Clarence Naseby, was eating his soup at the head of the table. The young messenger's place was on his right.

"Hello, Granger," he said, "how are things coming?"

"All right, sir," replied Bob.

"I see there was a slump in J. & B. today," said Naseby.

"Yes; it went down several points."

"The papers say that Old Mystery was the cause of it. He dumped a bunch of stock on the market and broke the price. Say, who is this Old Mystery anyway? I think his last name is Hatch."

"He's a broker and a member of the Exchange."

"Judging by what the papers say of him he seems to have the Indian sign on the Street."

"A broker who can puzzle Wall Street has got to be pretty clever."

"I should remark. Have you seen him?"

"I see him every day. His name is Adam Hatch, and I work for him."

"What's that? You work for Old Mystery?" exclaimed Naseby in some surprise.

"I'm his messenger."

"You don't say. How came he to be called Old Mystery?"

"I'll never tell you. I don't see a whole lot of difference between him and any other broker of his years."

"There must be something mysterious about him or his methods."

"I guess it's his methods. He's pretty slick in his operations I judge. No one is able to find out whether he's at the bottom of certain things or not. Somebody else may be doing what is credited to Mr. Hatch. At any rate the papers have dubbed him Old Mystery, and when once a nickname is tacked on to you it's pretty hard to get rid of it whether you deserve it or not."

"That's right," nodded the drummer.

When Bob went upstairs after the meal to his hallroom on the top floor back he heard sounds in the landlady's room, which was next to his own. As he knew Mrs. Jones and the chambermaid were both down in the basement attending to the boarders he thought the sounds suspicious. He listened and heard the sound of a bureau drawer opened. He walked outside and placed his eye to the keyhole of the door. He couldn't see who was in the room, because the person was out of range of the keyhole.

He continued to look, however, judging that the person was bound to come into sight before long.

"I'll bet it's a sneak thief," he thought.

He softly turned the knob, but found that the catch inside was on so the door wouldn't open.

"I guess I'd better run down and tell Mrs. Jones that somebody is in her room," he concluded.

He started downstairs and had reached the landing of the next floor when he heard the landlady's door open and the person come out.

"He's going to sneak with whatever he has found," muttered Bob.

The supposed thief, however, did not come down, but walked to the door of the front room and entered that apartment.

"He's in Mr. Naseby's room now. The drummer must have gone out right after dinner. I think I'll go back and see what the fellow looks like. If he isn't too big I'll nab him myself."

He tiptoed back upstairs and applied his eyes to the keyhole of the front room. To his surprise he saw Naseby standing in the middle of the room looking at the contents of an oblong envelope. He opened one of the articles out and it struck Bob that it looked like a bond, or a stock certificate, or something of that kind. Apparently there was nobody in the room but the drummer. The inference was, therefore, that it was he who was rummaging in the landlady's room. He certainly had no right there, and a strange suspicion filled Bob's mind.

He watched Naseby look over five papers very much alike. The man then unlocked his trunk and stowed the documents at the bottom of it.

Bob hardly knew what to do now. While he was considering the matter he saw the drummer come toward the door with the oblong envelope in his hand. Bob knew that it wouldn't do for him to remain in the landing, so he rushed for his own room and was in the act of unlocking the door when the drummer came out. On seeing Bob, Naseby immediately turned around and re-entered his room.

Bob sat down in his only chair by the window, which overlooked a rear prospect of back yards and housetops, and began to consider the situation. Naseby was the last man Bob would have suspected of engaging in any crooked business, as he held a good position and never seemed to want for money; but, nevertheless, the boys had undoubted evidence that he had paid a surreptitious visit to the landlady's room for some purpose, and that purpose could scarcely be an honest one, seeing that he had no business in Mrs. Jones' room.

Had he stolen the papers he had seen in his hands? If he had they must be of some value, and Bob wondered if they were bonds, or certificates of stock, or what. Apparently Naseby wasn't all he appeared to be on the surface. The landlady was bound to miss anything that had vanished mysteriously from her room, and if it had any great value there would be much fuss and excitement over her loss.

Bob believed that it was his duty to inform Mrs. Jones about what had passed under his observation, but he felt that it was a very delicate matter. The landlady would be inclined to scout the idea that her star boarder was a thief, but if she deemed the matter worthy of investigation on finding that some of her property had been stolen, Mr. Naseby would naturally indignantly deny that he had visited the lady's room during her absence, and his word was as good as Bob's unsupported testimony. It might be considered better, in fact, for he had boarded with her for several months while Bob was only beginning his second week.

"He might even accuse me of stealing her property and then try to throw the blame on him," thought the boy reflectively. "I've got to go slow in this matter or I may find myself in hot water."

Bob wished he had some friend with whom he could confer, for two heads are always better than one. The only friend he had thus far made in New York was the messenger of the office adjoining Mr. Hatch's, a boy about his age named Will Nelson.

Will lived in Harlem, and had asked him to call on him any time he found the chance to do so.

It struck Bob that he would go up and see him right away, and tell him about this affair, which he regarded as a serious matter. He put on his hat, locked his door and went downstairs. When he reached the hall door he remembered he had left the latch-key on the bureau so he went back to get it.

On reaching the top landing he was astonished to find his door ajar, and from the sounds he heard somebody was evidently in his room. As nobody had passed him on the stairs it instantly occurred to him that Naseby was in his room going through his effects in search of something worth stealing. He threw the door open and

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there, sure enough, was the drummer with one hand shoved down into the right hand side of his top bureau drawer.

### CHAPTER IV.—Bob Nails a Thief.

As the door opened the drummer quickly withdrew his hand, slammed the drawer shut and looked at Bob in great confusion.

"Well, Mr. Naseby, this is a rather singular proceeding on your part, isn't it?" said Bob, coolly.

"Yes, it is rather singular," replied the commercial man, recovering his self-possession; "but the fact of the matter is a friend of mine, who occupied this room before you came, left a paper in your top bureau drawer. He wrote me about it, and asked me to get it for him, so I came in here to hunt for it."

"If that is so," replied Bob, who was sure that Naseby was lying in order to get out of his hobble with the best grace he could, "you might have called when I was in here a few moments ago. How did you manage to get into the room? I locked my door when I went downstairs."

"You're mistaken," replied the drummer, glibly; "I found your door unlocked."

"Lie Number Two," mentally commented Bob. "Assuming that you did," he said aloud, "which you will pardon me for doubting, you had no right to enter my room when I was out of it."

"I admit it, and I hope you will overlook the matter. I didn't mean any wrong, Granger, and I hope you won't say anything about it. To tell you the truth when I found your door unlocked I thought you were in. When I saw you were not I guessed you went down to the bathroom to wash your hands and would be right up."

"Lord, how some people can twist the truth," thought Bob. "Well, he said aloud, "did you find what you were after?"

"I did not. The chambermaid must have removed it when she cleaned the room up before you took possession. I will have to speak to her about it."

"I would," replied Bob, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"By the way, when you came up to your room did you meet anybody on the stairs?" said Naseby, changing the conversation.

"No, why?" asked Bob, in some surprise.

"I thought maybe you met Mrs. Jones."

"Why Mrs. Jones? I left her waiting on the boarders."

"That's funny," said the drummer. "I was sure I heard her moving about in her room. She might have sent the maid to her room for something."

"I guess not, for the maid was waiting on the table when I left the dining-room a short time after you."

"I wonder if there could have been a sneak thief in the house?"

Bob guessed there was a sneak thief in the house at that moment and he stood before him, but, of course, he didn't voice his thoughts.

"If there was such an individual in Mrs. Jones' room he didn't pass me on the stairs," replied

Bob. "If you have any idea there was somebody in her room I think you had better notify her."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind doing it if you are going out right away," said the drummer.

"I'm not going out for a while," replied Bob, who had changed his mind about visiting his friend Nelson. "I think you're the proper person to notify the landlady, as you say you heard the sounds in her room."

"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Naseby, who did not seem anxious to go downstairs on the errand.

The truth of the matter was he wanted to remove what he had hidden in Bob's bureau for fear the boy would find it.

"You know best, Mr. Naseby," replied Bob, taking off his hat.

"If you're not going out perhaps you'll come into my room and join me in a game of casino, or something else in the card line," said the drummer, who was loth to leave the boy alone in his room while the late incident was fresh in his mind.

"Thank you, but I don't play cards."

"What, not at all?" said Naseby in a tone of surprise.

"No, sir; I'm not interested in the amusement."

"Come in anyway. I've got some cigars, and we'll have a social chat."

"I don't smoke either."

"Is it possible! Not even cigarettes?"

"Not even cigarettes."

"I suppose you don't drink either?" said Naseby with a palpable sneer.

"Your supposition is correct. It's a bad habit, particularly for boys."

"Well, come in and we'll have a talk. You're a stranger in the city, and I can put you to a good many wrinkles that will be of advantage to you."

"I'm much obliged for the invitation, but you'll have to excuse me. I have a couple of letters to write, and then I may go out."

This was pure fiction, but Bob was anxious to get rid of his visitor, and so he considered his statement was justifiable. Naseby having exhausted all the expedients he could think of for enticing the boy from his room reluctantly took his departure. A few moments later Bob heard him going downstairs. Then the front door slammed and he presumed that the drummer had gone off somewhere—probably to one of his evening haunts.

Bob then opened his drawer to see if anything belonging to him was missing, never suspecting what he would find there. He kept a number of little things in that corner of his drawer, though nothing worth stealing. He didn't believe that Naseby had taken anything, but he thought he'd look anyway. He did, and spied something that he certainly had never put there. It was an empty oblong manila envelope.

He took it out and looked at it. Written across it was the name "Mrs. Martha Jones."

In one corner in much smaller writing was "Five \$100 bonds—Northern Ry. Co." There was nothing slow about Bob. He could easily see through a millstone when there was a hole in it.

He was on to Clarence Naseby's little rascally game at once. The drummer had stolen this envelope with the bonds in it from Mrs. Jones'

room. He knew that the moment the property was missed by its owner there would be trouble.

The theft would doubtless at first be laid to a sneak thief. The landlady would report her loss at the nearest police station, and a detective would be detailed to look into the matter. It was not unlikely he would consider it advisable to search the rooms of the boarders. Bob being a new boarder, and connected with Wall Street, he would be sure to be looked upon as the thief if some incriminating piece of evidence were found in his room. What more damaging piece of evidence than the envelope in which the bonds had been enclosed? Having a key in his possession that would open any door on that floor it was easy for Naseby to enter Bob's room and hide the envelope where a search would be sure to bring it to light.

That's the way the young messenger figured the matter out. Fortunately, however, Bob had caught the drummer in the act of carrying out his contemptible purpose, and this had put him on to the concealed evidence.

"Well, if that wouldn't make a fellow mad I don't know what would," said Bob to himself, holding the envelope in his hand. "The idea of him trying to do me up in this way. If I hadn't caught him at my bureau I never would have looked in my drawer, and if I did not tell Mrs. Jones that I had pretty good reason to believe that her star boarder had paid a sly visit to her room and taken something away why I might have found myself in a peck of trouble. I wouldn't be able to explain how the envelope got into my bureau drawer. By the time the flare-up came Naseby would probably have got rid of the bonds, and his denial that he ever took them would be good to save his bacon, since I could produce no proof against him. As matters stand they are doubtless still in his trunk, as he will have no chance to dispose of them till Monday, and a search of his trunk will convict him. This is where I get back at Mr. Naseby."

Bob put the envelope in his pocket, put on his hat and left the house. He intended to call at the police station and put the matter up to the officer in charge, for he was afraid if he first called Mrs. Jones' attention to the loss of her property, and accused Naseby as the thief, that the lady's regard for her star boarder would result in a miscarriage of justice.

"She wouldn't take any action against him till she had told him all I said, and thus forewarned Naseby would immediately remove the bonds from his trunk, and then a search would only serve to make me out a liar and be likely to throw suspicion on me," thought Bob. "By bringing the thing directly to the attention of the police I will clear my skirts of suspicion and open the way to the immediate detection of the thief."

Bob made his way to the station and there told his story. The officer in charge called a detective and the boy repeated his story to him. The detective was ordered to accompany him around to the house. The landlady was called into the parlor and then Bob told her all that had passed under his observation that evening. She was astonished and, as he had supposed, she could not believe that Naseby was guilty of doing what her new boarder charged him with. She recognized

the envelope as the one in which she kept her bonds, and going to her room found that her property was missing.

Reluctantly she consented to go around to the home of a magistrate and apply for a search warrant in order that her star boarder's trunk might be examined.

"I am sure he didn't take my bonds," she said. "Well, this young man is just as sure that he did take them, for he heard the man in your room and afterward saw papers that looked like the bonds in his hands, which he saw him place in his trunk," said the detective. "Subsequently he found the man in his room, where he certainly had no right to be in the tenant's absence, with his hand in the top bureau drawer, which was, you must admit, a decidedly suspicious proceeding. After the drummer left his room this young man naturally looked into his drawer to see if anything was missing, and he found this envelope which you have recognized as the one in which you kept your bonds. The inference is that the thief put it there to cause suspicion to fall on the occupant of the room. If you want to recover your property with as little trouble as possible, and nail the guilty person, the quickest and easiest way is to have this drummer's trunk searched. If the bonds are found in it, as this young man feels certain they will be, you will have a line on the true character of the boarder in whom you appear to place such great confidence, and it will be your duty to prosecute him."

Mrs. Jones' anxiety to recover her bonds, which represented the bulk of her savings, overcame her disinclination to proceed against her star boarder, so she accompanied Bob and the detective to the residence of the nearest magistrate.

After hearing Bob's story and the landlady's admissions the judge made out the warrant and signed it.

It contained a clause authorizing Naseby's arrest if the stolen property was found in his trunk.

The party then returned to the house and proceeded to the drummer's room with a locksmith. The trunk was opened and the five bonds were found stowed away in the corner indicated by the young messenger. That convinced Mrs. Jones that she had been deceived in Naseby, and she said she would press the charge against him.

The detective retained the bonds to be used as evidence against the thief, and remained with Bob in his room until Naseby returned to the house about midnight, when he arrested him. The drummer was paralyzed and indignantly denied the charge, but when the detective showed him the bonds, and told him they had been found in his trunk, he was taken aback. The officer marched him off to the station house, where the charge was recorded against him, and he was locked up.

### CHAPTER V.—Bob's Valuable Find.

Clarence Naseby laid his arrest to Bob Granger, and his feelings toward the boy were not very pleasant.

"He looked in his bureau drawer after I left his room, found the envelope I placed there to draw suspicion on him, took it to Mrs. Jones and

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accused me of putting it in his drawer for some purpose," said the drummer to himself. "The landlady recognized the envelope as the one that had held her bonds, investigated and finding that they had vanished from her own bureau, notified the police of her loss. It was confoundedly unfortunate that the boy should come back so unexpectedly and catch me in his room. The detective put on the case evidently tumbled to my plan of mixing the boy up in the scrape and advised that a search warrant be taken out to search my room for the bonds. I was a fool to leave them in my trunk, but I never dreamed that Mrs. Jones would discover her loss for some days, which would give me time to get rid of them. I put my foot in it when I went to that boy's room. I should have destroyed the envelope and allowed suspicion to take its course. I would hardly have been suspected. Now I'm up against it hard. I can't explain how the bonds came to be in my trunk, and my visit to Granger's room will clinch the matter against me. I shall be convicted and sent up the river, and that means I am ruined in New York. Blame the luck!"

That was the tenor of Naseby's thought as he passed a sleepless night in his cell. Next morning about ten o'clock he was brought into the Jefferson Market Police Court. When the case was called he pleaded not guilty. Bob and Mrs. Jones were in court. The latter identified the bonds and the envelope as her property, and testified that both had been surreptitiously removed from a certain drawer in her bureau where she kept them.

Bob then told his story, and Naseby was astonished to learn that the boy had heard him in the landlady's room, and had afterward spied on him through the keyhole of his door and saw him put the bonds in his trunk. He now saw that the envelope played but a secondary part in the case against him, and that even if he had not tried to incriminate the young messenger he would probably have been shown up anyway.

His feelings against Bob became twice as bitter, and he determined to get square with him some day. He was remanded by the magistrate to the Tombs Prison to await the action of the Grand Jury, his bail being fixed at \$1,000.

Of course the other boarders in Mrs. Jones' house learned about the bond robbery at breakfast, and they were much astonished when they were told that Clarence Naseby, the star boarder, was the thief. They could hardly believe that a man who appeared to be so prosperous as he would be guilty of the crime, but had to admit that the evidence against him seemed to be conclusive.

Several of them were present in court that morning, and after hearing all the facts under oath they were satisfied that Naseby was crooked.

Mrs. Jones told Bob that she was under great obligations to him for saving her bonds and assured him she would not forget what he had done for her.

The boarders at dinner expressed the contempt they now felt for Naseby, and congratulated Bob on escaping the trap that the drummer had set for him. Bob was made so much of by the landlady and the boarders, that it seemed as if he had suddenly become the star boarder himself. The

oldest boarder that Mrs. Jones had was a maiden lady of uncertain age but believed to be financially well fixed. Her name was Miss Faucit. She was prim and precise in her ways, and had very little to say to the other boarders. She kept a parrot and a large cat in her room, to whom she was much devoted, and she could be heard talking to them frequently, as if they were human beings and understood all she said. As a matter of fact they did understand a whole lot, and were remarkably intelligent. On the Sunday afternoon in question the cat got out of her room somehow, and, presumably, out of the house, for when the old maid missed her, and started a hunt, she could not be found anywhere. The old maid was in great trouble over the loss of her pet, but the boarders seemed to find the incident very amusing. Bob and the landlady, on the contrary, sympathized with her over the absence of the animal, and the young messenger volunteered to go around the neighborhood and see if he could find the feline.

"It is very kind of you to offer to do so," said Miss Faucit, gratefully, her heart warming toward the boy. "I am sure I don't know what I shall do if I don't get her back."

"I am very glad to do anything I can to help you out, Miss Faucit," said Bob, "for I can see that you are greatly attached to the animal."

"She is just like a child to me," replied the old maid, tearfully. "She understands all I say to her, and I understand her, too. If you find her I shall never be able to thank you enough."

"I will do my best."

So he put on his hat and went out. He made a house-to-house canvass of the neighborhood, but nobody admitted having seen a Maltese cat, with a pink ribbon around her neck to which was attached a little silver plate bearing the name of "Josephine."

He was returning to the house after a fruitless search when he saw a number of children standing around one of the few trees that the street boasted, looking and pointing up at the branches.

It immediately struck Bob that the missing cat was up in the tree a favorite ark of refuge for frightened felines. He joined the group of juveniles, and they showed him where the cat was roosting in a crotch formed by two limbs. Bob knew that it was useless to try and entice the animal to come down, so it was up to him to go up and get her if he could. Before essaying the feat he persuaded one of the boys to run up to the boarding-house and tell Miss Faucit that he had located her Maltese in a tree down the block. He knew that would fetch her to the scene. Bob was an active lad, and he was soon up among the lower limbs.

The cat, regarding him as an enemy, started to go higher. By the time Bob reached the crotch where she had been sitting she was beyond his reach, and it wasn't safe for him to venture any higher. He called to the cat in a friendly way, but the animal took no stock in his kind intentions, and maintained its distance on a limb that threatened to break under her at any moment.

"It is no go," thought Bob. "I might better not have come up here."

As he spoke his eyes rested on the crotch of

the tree. There, encircling a stout twig, was a gold ring with a large diamond set in it.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how that got up here?"

He detached it and examined it closely. The afternoon sunshine, filtering through the spring leaves, flashed and scintillated from the facets of the stone, till it seemed to glow with living fire.

"That's a dandy diamond all right. Somebody has mourned its loss I'll bet a hat. This seems to be a case where findings is keepings. At any rate nobody but the owner has a better right to it than me, and the chances that the owner will ever turn up are mighty slight. Somebody must have either dropped it out of an upper window of the house in front of the tree or else it was flung up in the air and fell where I found it."

He put the ring in his vest pocket and made his way down in time to see Miss Faucit coming down the street at a rapid walk.

"Your cat is up on the top limbs," he told her when she came up.

"Joe, Joe, Joe," called the old maid.

The Maltese recognized her voice and turned to descend when the bough snapped short off and she came shooting through the tree toward the cobblestones.

"She'll be killed," screamed Miss Faucit, greatly excited.

Bob, however, sprang into the street and caught the animal in his arms. The cat mee-owed and started to fight, but the old maid rushed up and seized her with a loving embrace.

"You saved my Joe," Miss Faucit said to Bob, as gratefully as though he had rescued some child from imminent peril. "I shall never forget what I owe you."

"You are quite welcome, Miss Faucit," replied the boy, smiling. "Shall I escort you back to the house?"

The spinster availed herself of his polite offer, and presently bore her favorite in triumph into the house.

Bob left her at her door and went on up to his own room. He sat down at his window and took a closer look at his valuable find. The diamond was evidently, even to his inexperienced eye, a stone of considerable value.

He decided to tell nobody in the house, except possibly Miss Faucit, about finding the ring in the tree. It was really nobody's business but his own. He locked it up in his small trunk and an hour later went down to supper.

#### CHAPTER VI.—Bob's Bucket Shop Experience.

Next morning Bob carried the ring down with him and showed it to Mr. Hatch when he came in.

"That's a valuable stone," said the broker, after looking at it closely. "It easily cost \$1,000. Where did you get it?"

Bob told him about the cat incident and how he had found the ring around a twig halfway up the tree.

"You are very fortunate. What are you going to do with it? It is really too valuable for you to wear if you had any thought of doing so."

"I intend to have it valued and try to sell it."

"I will buy it from you. I will give you a note to a Maiden Lane diamond merchant. He will appraise its value, and I will give you whatever it is worth."

"All right, sir," replied Bob, delighted at the opportunity to dispose of his find at a price near its actual value.

He took the note and visited the jeweler an hour or two later. The merchant valued the stone at \$1,500, wrote that price on one of his letter headings, signed his name to it, and Bob gave it to Mr. Hatch when he got back.

The broker wrote a check for that sum, payable to "Cash" and handed it to Bob.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, handing him the ring.

The broker slipped it on one of his fingers and regarded it with much complacency as his messenger left the room. Bob cashed his check before the bank closed, getting three \$500 bills, and he looked at them with great satisfaction.

"I am now in a position to do what I've been aching to get around for a whole year, and that is to do a little speculation on the side," he said to himself.

At the time of our story bucket shops were more numerous and popular than they are to-day. They offered alluring opportunities to the small speculator to risk his money on market quotations, but as the proprietors played their game with loaded dice, so to speak, the small speculator generally came out at the small end of the horn. The only thing he gained in them as a rule was experience, and he paid cash for it.

These shops opened at nine in the morning and kept open, some of them, till half-past four or five so as to catch the messenger boys who got off early, and others who could not reach them during the hours the Exchange was open. Legitimate speculative operations on the stock market involve the outright purchase or sale of stocks and the payment of full market prices. The seller must actually own the stock before he can sell it, and must actually transfer it when he has made the sale. This required the expenditure of more ready money than small speculators had at their command, so marginal speculation was invented for the presumed benefit of those who had a very limited capital to risk, and bucket shops made a specialty of marginal operations. A marginal deal, even when put through a reliable brokerage house, is always a risky speculation, but put through a bucket shop is—well, the difference is much like playing poker with friends, using an honest pack of cards, on the one hand, and playing with professional card sharpers who stack the cards, and resort to every kind of crooked trick to secure possession of your stakes, on the other.

Bob, unfortunately, had known some of his friends to make money out of bucket shops in Boston, and he had longed to imitate their example. Lack of funds prevented him from making the experiment. Now that he suddenly found himself well heeled financially there was nothing to prevent him from tackling a New York bucket shop. Accordingly after he was through business for the day he sought out a well-known bucket shop and walked into the reception-room. It wasn't a quarter to four, but the place

was crowded with customers looking at a big blackboard which was covered with quotations representing operations of that day on the Stock Exchange.

"Hello, Young Mystery," said a voice at his elbow, "what brings you in here?"

Bob turned and recognized the messenger who had worked for Mr. Hatch for a short time.

"What brings you in here?" replied Bob, Yankee fashion.

"What do you suppose? To cash in my chips, sonny. I am long on ten shares of Union Pacific. It's gone up five points. That's good enough for me. I shall gather in fifty plunks less commissions. That's as much as six weeks' wages. I shall treat myself to a show tonight, and a swell supper of steak and onions. Say, are you in on anything?"

"No, this is my first visit here," replied Bob.

"Looking for something worth tackling, I suppose. Well, I can give you a tip, buy B. & O. It's a sure winner."

"Going to buy that yourself?"

"I should smile. I never let anything good get away from me."

"How do you know it's a winner?"

"Heard my boss tell one of his best customers to get in on it, and he bought 1,000 shares."

"Then I guess it's pretty good."

"Bet your life it is."

Bob said he'd consider it, and when his companion went up to an opening in the wire fence to close his account at a profit, he walked around the room much interested in what he saw there.

After watching the board, and noting that B. & O. had advanced that day three points, he walked up to a window and said to the clerk that he'd like to buy some B. & O.

"How many shares?" asked the clerk, drawing a printed slip on which the word "Buy" stood out very prominently.

"One hundred," replied Bob.

"Three or five per cent. margin?"

"Five per cent."

"You'll have to put up \$500 deposit," he said.

"All right," answered Bob, "here is the money," and he handed out one of his big bills.

The clerk took it, filled out the date line on the paper and then on a line underneath the printing inserted the words "100 B. & O."

Underneath that and to one side he placed a number and pushing the paper toward Bob told him to sign it. The boy did so and that completed the transaction. Bob knew that when his employer put through a deal of this kind for 100 or more shares for a customer he bought the stock and held it, advancing the ninety per cent. of its purchase price, and charging interest on the money. Consequently he supposed that the proprietors of the bucket shop operated on the same principle. But they didn't. Their business was simply betting upon fluctuations in market prices.

In the course of their deals they did not buy or sell a share of stock. They merely bet against the money their customers put up. If luck ran the customer's way they returned him his deposit, with the profit, less a small commission and without charging him interest on the balance supposed to be advanced to cover deficiency between the margin and the full value of the stock dealt in

If luck went against the customer, which nine times out of ten it did, owing to diverse tricks practiced by them, they added his deposit to their bank account. Had Bob dreamed of what he was up against he never would have entered that bucket shop or any other; but he didn't know, and left with high hopes that in a day or two he would double his \$500 deposit.

He bought 100 shares at the market price of 110. A drop to a trifle below 106 would wipe him out on a five per cent. basis. Had he gone in on the narrower margin he would have taken a more desperate risk, but his deposit would have been \$200 less. Next day Bob watched the ticker in his office whenever he got a chance. At eleven o'clock B. & O. registered at 111, and he felt good. It afterward went to 111  $\frac{1}{2}$ . At half-past one it slumped to 106  $\frac{1}{2}$ . At five minutes of two several quotations were registered on the tape, the first of which was 105  $\frac{1}{2}$ , while those that followed were all above 106.

Although Bob didn't know that the first was a "wash" or fictitious sale, put through to steal his \$500 deposit, he realized with a sinking heart that it meant he had been wiped out on his deal.

He supposed that the price had actually dropped for a moment to that point. But it hadn't. B. & O. never actually went lower than 106  $\frac{1}{2}$  on the market that day, and had he operated through a legitimate broker he would simply have been notified to put up more margin, which he could have done, and he would have saved himself, for B. & O. actually went up to 115 just before the Exchange closed.

Bob went around to the bucket shop to make sure that his deal had gone up. He was informed that he had been sold out, as the price had gone down to 105  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

"There was only one quotation at that figure," said Bob. "All others were above 106. When was I sold out?"

The margin clerk said he had no time to enter into any explanations. All he knew was that Bob's deal had been reported to him as closed at 105  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Bob retired to a seat beside a shabby-looking old man who was scanning the day's results on the blackboard.

"Lost your money, have you, my lad?"

"I should say I had," growled Bob. "Cleaned out of \$500 inside of twenty-four hours."

"That's a considerable sum for a boy like you to lose."

"Yes, it's quite a bunch."

"What stock were you interested in?"

"B. & O. I bought it yesterday at 110."

"And you lost? Why, I see it is quoted at 115."

"I know it. That is what makes me mad. It slumped to around 106 early this afternoon. About two o'clock a single sale was made at 105  $\frac{1}{2}$  which wiped out my margin. I could have put up additional money had I been called on to do so, and then I would have come out all right, with a good profit to boot. It may be all right, but I don't like the looks of the thing just the same."

"It isn't all right, as I know from bitter experience," replied the old man. "These bucket shops are not run on the square. If you will speculate keep away from them. Go to a legitimate broker. Or if you are obliged to deal in fractional lots for lack of capital I can refer you

to a little bank in Nassau Street. You can buy as low as five shares of any stock there on a five per cent. margin, but you will get a square deal. I would advise you never to put up less than ten per cent. deposit on any deal, and never to put up all your money at one time. I am giving you advice I should have followed myself but didn't, that's why I am broke to-day—a victim of the bucket shops."

Bob became interested in the old man and had quite a talk with him, with the result that he resolved never to deal in a bucket shop again. And he kept his resolution.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Eunice Hatch Calls at the Office.

He took a street car up Broadway that afternoon and on the way read the Wall Street news in his paper. Among other items there was a paragraph which said that it was rumored that Adam Hatch, otherwise known as "Old Mystery," was interested in some big deal which when pulled off would make the traders sit up and take notice.

The editor said that any rumor connecting "Old Mystery" with a deal of any kind must be taken with a grain of salt, as the old man's methods were too deep and mysterious for the Street to fathom.

"I don't see anything particularly mysterious about Mr. Hatch," thought Bob, after reading the paragraph. "I've been working for him a week now, and he seems like any other elderly broker."

Bob, however, ere long had reason to change his mind on the subject, and then he acknowledged that his boss deserved the title that had been bestowed on him. Although Bob still had \$1,000 left of the money he received from the sale of the diamond ring he found he felt very sore for a week over the loss he had sustained at the bucket shop. It was chiefly the knowledge that he had been skinned out of his money that made him feel disgruntled. He told Will Nelson about his hard luck.

"I could have told you what you'd be up against in partonizing that shop," replied his friend. "That quotation of 105½ was no doubt a wash sale engineered through a confederate at the Exchange for the purpose of wiping out all the B. & O. speculators, for the proprietors of the shop probably foresaw that the stock was likely to advance, as it really did. That's a regular bucket shop trick, and a mean one at that; but there is nothing too crooked for those chaps to put through to swindle their customers. They are continually being shown up in the papers, but they seem to flourish just the same. They are thorns in the side of the Stock Exchange. The board of governors tried to cripple them by cutting off their wires to the Exchange, but it didn't do much good, for they manage to secure the quotations in some way just as before."

"Well, I'm through with them for good," said Bob. "The next time I want to speculate I'm going to patronize the little bank on Nassau Street."

Two days later Bob learned on good authority

that a syndicate of brokers had been formed to boom A. & C. shares. The stock was ruling at 90, which was low for it. The tip was such a good one that he determined to go the whole hog on it. So he visited the little bank and bought 100 shares on a ten per cent margin. Two days afterward the price slumped down to 85, and Bob began to have visions of another wipe out. It recovered, however, on the following day and went to 89. Then it fell to 84½, and he experienced another shock. He knew he couldn't meet a call for additional margin, and he was beginning to look upon himself as a most unfortunate speculator when it went up again. This time it went above 90. During the next few days it continued to advance till it reached 98. Then it took a sudden jump that showed the expected boom was on. Bob did not sell till it reached 110½, and then he got out at a profit of \$2,000, which success wiped out the soreness of his first disaster in B. & O.

With a certificate of deposit in the little bank for \$3,000 life looked much brighter to the young messenger. On the day after he settled with the bank Bob was sitting in his chair in the office when, to his surprise and pleasure, Eunice Hatch walked into the office. He jumped up and advanced to meet her.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Miss Hatch," he said, offering his hand.

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Granger," she replied.

"Called to see your father, I suppose," he said.

"How do you know but I called to see you?" she replied, demurely.

"That would be too much for me to expect."

"Indeed?" she replied, archly.

"I am only your father's office boy, you know."

"He told me you were the best one he ever had."

"Did he really? That is quite a compliment."

"Oh, I think you deserve it."

"Thank you for saying so. I appreciate your commendation even more than your father's."

"Dear me, why should you?"

"Because you are the nicest girl I ever met."

"Now you are trying to flatter me," she replied with a vivid blush.

"It would be impossible for me to flatter you in that respect. You are a nice girl and a very pretty one, too."

"You really mustn't talk that way to me," she said, blushing again.

"I always like to tell the truth. I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting you oftener."

"Really, Mr. Granger, you seem to be a great jollier."

"I assure you I am not; but to change the subject may I ask if you have been annoyed by those boys of your neighborhood since I had the pleasure of rescuing you from their too pointed attention?"

"Yes, they are still insulting in their remarks, but they have shown no further disposition to attack me."

"I'd like to round the bunch up and teach them a lesson in politeness."

"No, I wouldn't want you to get into any trouble on my account."

"You needn't worry about me. I can look out

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for myself. Would you have any objection to me calling on you some Sunday afternoon?"

"I should be delighted to have you do so, but father objects to me entertaining visitors."

"I suppose that settles it, then?" said Bob, much disappointed.

"Well, if you will call some Sunday about three, and let me know beforehand that you are coming, I will be at the gate waiting for you and we can take a walk together."

"I should like that very much indeed," said Bob, eagerly. "How will next Sunday do if the weather is clear?"

"Very well; I will look for you next Sunday at three."

"I will be there to the minute."

"Now, if my father is in will you walk in and tell him I am here?"

"With pleasure."

Bob knocked on the door, and being told to enter he informed Mr. Hatch that his daughter was in the reception-room.

"Show her in," replied the broker, and Bob did.

Eunice stayed about five minutes. When she came out she bade Bob good-by and departed.

"She's all to the good," he said to himself, closing the door after her.

A few minutes afterward Mr. Hatch rang his bell and Bob went in to see what he wanted.

"Take this note to the Exchange and deliver it to Mr. Blumstein," said the broker.

Bob put his hat on and skipped out. At the corner of Wall and Broad streets four well-dressed men were talking. As Bob passed them he heard one of them utter the words "Old Mystery."

"They're talking about my boss," said Bob.

He recognized two of them as well-known brokers. The other two he did not identify. He passed on and entered the Exchange where he delivered his note. There was no answer, so he started back at once. The four men were still talking at the corner of Broad Street. An automobile coming up the street was blocked by an express wagon and a cab, so Bob stopped close to the gentlemen while waiting for a chance to get across. They did not notice his presence and he overheard a part of their conversation.

"From the information I have managed to pick up," said one of the brokers, "I am certain Old Mystery is working for some pool that is aiming to corner D. & L. We can block him by quietly buying up all the stock we can find ourselves, and then, at the proper moment, we'll surprise him by dumping our holdings on the market. That will send him and his syndicate up Salt Creek, and thus we'll secure the revenge we've been looking after for months."

"That's what we'll do," replied one of the strange men. "I'll put a million into the scheme."

"So will I," said the other man that Bob didn't know.

"Spencer and I will put in half a million each. With three-millions and the Wall Street National at our back we are sure to turn the trick," said the broker.

"We must begin at once for we have no time to lose," said Spencer. "We will hold a meeting at my office this afternoon at four and arrange

all the details. In the meanwhile Hanson and I will go right ahead and buy right and left."

"That's right," said the man who said he would advance the first million. "We will consider the matter settled. Jason and I will be at your office at four."

"All right, Mr. Conway," said Spencer. "Now let's go and take a drink."

The four men moved off, and the way being clear Bob, his mind full of what he had overheard, crossed the street and hurried back to his office. He walked into Mr. Hatch's room.

"There was no answer to your note, sir," he said.

"I didn't expect any," replied the broker curtly.

"I've got something of importance to tell you, Mr. Hatch," said Bob.

"What is it?" asked Old Mystery, looking at him curiously.

Then Bob told him how he had seen brokers Spencer and Hanson talking to two men, whose names appeared to be Jason and Conway, on the corner of Broad Street. He detailed all he had heard the men say and Mr. Hatch listened attentively and with evident interest. When Bob had concluded he said:

"Young man, you have done me a great favor, and I sha'n't forget it. I need scarcely tell you to say nothing to anybody about what you have learned. Your interest is first, last and always connected with your employer, and a carelessly dropped word might result in financial disaster to me at any time. I believe I can thoroughly depend on you, and you won't find me ungrateful. That is all."

Mr. Hatch turned to his desk, after telling Bob to send Caleb Newton in to him, and the young messenger went outside to tell the bookkeeper he was wanted.

### CHAPTER VIII.—How Bob Shadows a Man.

A day or two after Eunice Hatch's visit to her father's office, Bob noticed that there was a good deal of business being done in D. & L. at the Exchange.

"I guess those gentlemen who expect to do my boss up are working hard to get all the stock they can find; but as Mr. Hatch is on to their scheme I fancy they will get left. I don't believe he's a man to monkey with. If I were a broker I wouldn't want to buck against him. He's pretty deep, like still water. No one can tell what's going on in his head. The longer I know him the more foxy he looks to me. I wouldn't be surprised at anything he might do; but whatever he does will be done on the quiet. In my opinion he's a dangerous man. He looks it from the top of his head down to his shoe leather."

Another thing that Bob noticed at the Exchange, and which interested him greatly, was that a certain broker named Esterbrook was buying up M. & N. whenever it was offered to him. He was constantly around the pole of the stock making bids at a slight advance on the market price. This had the effect of bringing out a good many shares, and at the same time caused the price to advance a little at a time. In the course of the day in question the quotations

showed that it had gone up three points since the morning.

Bob was of the opinion that there would be something doing in the stock pretty soon, and he determined to take a chance on it. Accordingly after he got through for the day he went to the little bank, which kept its brokerage department open till four o'clock, and ordered 200 shares of M. & N. bought for his account on the usual margin.

He put up a deposit of \$2,000 on the deal. Next day he found that the bank had bought the stock at the closing price of the Exchange, which was 82. By that time it had gone up another point. D. & L. was also steadily rising, and when Bob made the first visit to the Exchange that morning he noticed that Spencer and Hanson were taking in all they were offered.

He reported the fact to Mr. Hatch when he got back to the office, and the broker grinned.

"Somebody is in for trouble," thought Bob, when he returned to his chair, "and it looks to me as if the four men who expect to do Mr. Hatch up are the ones who are going to corral loads of it. I may have saved my boss from that trap, who knows? At any rate he told me I had done him a great favor, and that he wouldn't forget it. Well, there's nothing like standing well with one's boss, especially when he's the father of such a nice young lady as Miss Eunice. That reminds me that to-morrow will be Sunday, and I have a date with her at three."

When the Exchange closed at noon that day M. & N. was going at 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ , which put Bob about \$300 ahead on his deal.

"That's what I call making easy money," he said, as he turned away from the ticker. "Here I've been running my legs off for a whole week for \$8, while a small investment in a good stock has earned me \$300 without any effort on my part. I made no mistake in coming in Wall Street. Had I remained in Boston I wouldn't have found that diamond ring. And if I hadn't found the diamond ring I wouldn't be able to make money out of the market for some time to come. I must have changed my luck coming to New York."

Promptly at three o'clock next day Bob, arrayed in his best togs, with a brand new tie and a small boutonniere attached to the lapel of his coat, appeared in front of the iron fence that enclosed the bounds and house of "Old Mystery," as Bob had got into the habit of calling his boss on the quiet.

Eunice was waiting for him at the gate, according to her promise, and they walked off together.

She was dressed in a pretty gown and hat, and Bob thought she looked uncommonly lovely. At any rate he felt very proud to act as her escort, and she felt secretly pleased to have such a good looking and manly young fellow for her companion. They spent a couple of hours walking about Roseville, which is a pretty little suburb, and then they returned to the house.

As they approached the high iron fence a man, whom Bob had noticed peering through the railing since they turned the corner, looked at them and then walked off in a hurried kind of way. Bob wondered whether it was mere curiosity or some other purpose that prompted the man's

action. He stood talking with Eunice for perhaps ten minutes, then bade her good-by and started for the next corner. He looked back as he was in the act of turning in and saw the same man, who had evidently walked around the block, coming down the street.

Bob stopped and watched him. When he came to the fence in front of "Old Mystery's" place he stopped, looked furtively around and stopped there in about the same spot he had occupied previously.

"He's up to something," thought Bob. "I'm going to keep my eye on him."

The man stood there looking in for as much as ten minutes and then started slowly for the corner where Bob stood. Bob cut across and moved down the cross street in a sauntering way, and in a few minutes the man came in sight. He turned into the same street and walked toward the trolley tracks. Bob let him get a little way ahead and then kept tab on him. He jumped aboard a car bound for Newark and Jersey City, and Bob, by sprinting, caught the same car and remained on the platform. The man rode all the way to Jersey City and so did Bob. He took the Cortlandt Street ferryboat, and that suited Bob as well as the Desbrosses Street one. When the boat made fast to her slip the man walked up Cortlandt Street and Bob tagged on behind him. The boy followed him up to Broadway, across City Hall Park to the elevated station of the Third Avenue line. Both took the same car uptown, and when the man got off at the 59th Street station Bob got off, too.

"I wonder where this chase is leading me to?" soliloquized the young messenger. "Maybe I'm on a wild goose chase after all."

The man led him to the block on 63d Street, between Madison and Fifth Avenues, which was lined with swell brownstone front residences.

He walked up the steps of a particular one, rang the bell and was admitted. Bob noted the number as he passed the house and continued on to Fifth Avenue. He stood on the corner and began to wonder who lived in that house. While he stood there he saw the man come out of the house accompanied by a gentleman in a silk hat. They came toward him, and as they passed him Bob looked narrowly at the man's companion. He recognized him as Broker Spencer.

"Looks to me as if Spencer sent this man out to Mr. Hatch's house for some purpose. I think I'll follow them and see where they are bound for," said Bob to himself.

It was growing dark by this time, and Bob figured that he would miss his supper at the boarding-house if he didn't hustle down there.

"What's the odds?" he muttered. "There are plenty of restaurants open in town on Sunday, and I'm interested in this thing."

He shadowed Spencer and his companion to a swell house on the avenue which they entered. After a few minutes Bob's curiosity induced him to run up the steps to the stoop and look at the name on the door. He had to strike a match to read it. The name was Conway.

"That's one of the men who said he would put a million into the scheme to do up my boss. I guess I've learned all I want. It may not amount to anything, but I guess it's my duty to tip Mr.

Hatch off to the matter. Maybe he'll find something significant in it."

As Bob rushed down the steps a small, old wizened man came briskly down the street and slowed up as he drew near the house. The gas opposite the house flashed brightly on Bob's face as he stepped on the sidewalk and then hurried down the avenue.

"Huh!" muttered the little wizened man. "Bob Granger, and in that house! Mr. Hatch must know about this. I never did trust the boy. He looked altogether too smart to suit me. He has evidently been bribed by the Conway clique. It is lucky I found this out. It will never do to have a traitor in the camp. No, no; he is dangerous to our interests and must go, like the others before him. They'll never catch Old Mystery napping. They may watch him as much as they please, and win over our office boys, but they'll never get the best of him. Never—never!"

The little old man chuckled and rubbed his skinny hands one over the other as if pleased at something.

As he passed slowly under the lamp the light flashed for a moment on his aged and wrinkled countenance and it revealed the face of Caleb Newton, Mr. Hatch's head bookkeeper and confidential clerk.

#### CHAPTER IX.—In Which Bob is Up Against It.

Next morning when Newton entered the office a few minutes after Bob's arrival he gave the boy a black look.

"What in thunder is the matter with the old man this morning?" thought Bob. "He looked at me as savagely as though I had done him a mortal injury. He must have got out on the wrong side of the bed, or ate something for breakfast that disagreed with him. He's a suspicious old rooster, anyway. He's never taken a fancy for me from the start, and is always watching me as if he feared I'd walk off with the ticker or some property belonging to the boss. It's about time he retired on a pension, for he's old enough to quit work for good. Some people, however, never know when they have seen their best days. I'll bet Newton won't quit till he's carried off in an ambulance."

It was about time for Mr. Hatch to show up when Newton called Bob to his desk.

"Do you know where No. 1 Broadway is?" he growled.

"I ought to," replied Bob.

"Well, take this note down there. You'll find the party on the twelfth floor. Get an answer. Understand?" glared the head bookkeeper.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob.

As he went down one elevator, Mr. Hatch came up in another. Bob didn't see him and hurried out of the building. When Old Mystery walked into his private room Caleb Newton followed him. He remained closeted with the broker some little time, and when he came out a look of malicious satisfaction sparkled in his eyes. He went to his desk and resumed his work. Every little while he would pause, rub his hands together and chuckle. He seemed to be vastly amused at something. In the meantime Bob hustled down to No. 1 Broadway. He took an elevator and got out on the

twelfth floor. Then he looked for the name that was written on the envelope. But he looked in vain, though he examined every door on the floor.

"Mr. Newton made a mistake in the floor," he said. "I wish I'd looked at the directory before I started up, but I took it for granted that the bookkeeper was right in his direction. I will have to ask one of the elevator men to put me right."

He connected with a down cage.

"What floor is this man on?" Bob asked him, showing him the envelope.

"Jordan," read the man. "Don't know him. Look on the directory downstairs. If he's in this building he must be a new tenant."

So Bob went down to the ground floor and consulted the directory. Jordan's name wasn't on it.

"That's funny," thought Bob.

He asked the man in charge of the elevators who was supposed to know all the tenants of the building.

"He hasn't got an office in this building," was the reply.

"Our bookkeeper told me that he was on the twelfth floor of No. 1 Broadway," said Bob.

"Well, I don't know anything about him. Maybe he's got desk room in one of the offices."

"In that case his name ought to be on one of the doors in small letters, and on the directory as well, else how is any one to locate him?"

"Did you look at all the doors on that floor?"

"I did."

"Sorry, but I can't help you out."

Bob decided to go up and try the thirteenth floor. He failed to find "Jordan" on any door. Then he went down below to the eleventh floor, without any result.

Having wasted three-quarters of an hour unavailingly he gave it up and took the note back to the office.

"That man isn't in No. 1 Broadway," he said to Newton.

The confidential clerk glared at him and snatched the envelope.

"Mr. Hatch wants to see you in his room," he said.

As soon as Bob's back was turned he tore up the note and threw the pieces into the waste basket. He had sent the boy on a fake errand to get him out of the way before the broker came in—one of his tricks.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Hatch?" said Bob, when he walked into the private office.

"Sit down," said the broker curtly. "Now, young man, I want to know what business took you to Mr. Conway's house late yesterday afternoon?"

"Mr. Conway's house!" exclaimed Bob in surprise. "How did you know I was there?"

"Never mind that. I know everything that happens in my business. I'm not called Old Mystery for nothing."

The broker grinned malevolently.

"Maybe you'd know all I had to tell you then," replied Bob.

"Probably I do, but I'll hear what you have to say for yourself. You know what I told you when I hired you—that you must consider my interest the same as your own. That was the main condition on which you were to remain in my office."

"Well, sir, you haven't found me amiss in that

respect. I think I've shown you in several instances that I had your interest always in mind."

"I will concede that, but it was before you yielded to temptation."

"Yielded to temptation? I don't understand you, sir," replied Bob, much astonished.

"Oh, you don't?" sneered Old Mystery, with a ghoulish look. "You think I don't know that you have sold yourself to my business enemies; but I know all about it."

"If you do you know more than I do," replied Bob.

"Very likely. I have sources of information that have staggered a good many people. I suppose you know the name I'm called by in the Street?"

"You mean Old Mystery?"

"Precisely. It's not very polite but it is suggestive of the way I do business when I'm operating on—but no matter. You haven't answered my question—what took you to Mr. Conway's house yesterday afternoon?"

"That's easily explained."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the broker, dryly.

"Perhaps you know that I paid a visit to your house yesterday afternoon and went walking with your daughter?"

"Oh, you did?" said Mr. Hatch, who was not aware of the fact.

"I did. I met her at three o'clock at the gate, and we walked around Roseville for a couple of hours."

"Did you meet her by accident or appointment?"

"By appointment. On our return to the house I saw a well-dressed man peering through the bars of the fence at your house."

"Well, what has all this to do with your visit to Conway's house?"

"Everything," answered Bob, who then went on to describe how the man, observing their approach, walked away, circled the block and then came back to the fence again.

"Considering his actions suspicious I watched him, and when he finally left I followed him," went on the boy.

Bob then told how he had shadowed the man to a fine house on 62d Street which he entered.

"He came out in a short time accompanied by a gentleman I recognized as Broker Spencer. It at once occurred to me that Mr. Spencer had sent him to watch your house for some reason. I followed them up Fifth Avenue to a residence near 69th Street. When they went in the house I was curious to learn who lived there, so I ran up the steps and looked at the doorplate. I found the name was Conway. As I thought I had learned enough to put you on your guard against some scheme contemplated by the four men in the clique who are trying to do you up in D. & L. I gave up further investigation and started downtown. Now you know how I came to be at Mr. Conway's house. If the information you have received about my movements yesterday afternoon differs in any respect from what I have just told you it is not correct."

Bob made his explanation in such a straightforward way that the broker began to entertain a doubt in his messenger's favor.

Newton had assured him that he caught Bob coming out of Mr. Conway's house, which was

proof positive that the boy was in league with the opposition clique. The broker, who had at first been convinced of his messenger's guilt, now reasoned that his confidential clerk might only have seen Bob coming down the steps leading to the stoop, which would tally with the boy's statement. Bob certainly showed no signs of guilt or confusion, and that was also in his favor. It was news to Old Mystery to learn that an emissary of the clique had gone to Roseville to watch the house. If Bob's story was true, then the opposition bunch were up to some new wrinkle which it behooved the broker to guard himself against.

If the boy's statement was not true, but made up to disarm suspicion, then his new messenger was the most artful liar he had ever had dealings with.

At any rate his daughter could inform him if Bob had been in Roseville up to five o'clock, and she also must have seen the man the boy had referred to. After summing the matter up in his mind he decided to suspend judgment for the present, and dismissed Bob to his seat outside.

#### CHAPTER X.—A Concealed Intruder.

When Bob returned to his chair outside and sat down Newton, who never missed anything that took place in the office, was surprised.

He had confidently expected that the boy would be summarily discharged. It was clear to him that there was a hitch somewhere in the proceedings. He couldn't understand it and the matter bothered him. After a while he figured out that Mr. Hatch had some object in view in retaining his messenger. Possibly the boy in order to square himself, had given him information that he considered valuable, or he had arranged to use Bob as a stool pigeon. At any rate, he knew that his employer never took chances without being pretty sure of his ground. Bob went about his business that day as usual, but he did not fail to keep tab on M. & N. in which he was interested. It went up something over a point, and he figured that he could sell out, if he wanted to, at a profit of about \$600. However, he was in no hurry to sell out, as Broker Estabrook was still buying it on the Exchange, and that was a sign that it might be expected to go higher.

When Mr. Hatch got home that evening the first thing he did was to interview his daughter about Bob's visit on Sunday afternoon, and she corroborated the fact and also remembered seeing a stranger looking through the fence into the grounds. She had seen him move away at their approach, but had no knowledge that he returned, or about Bob's movements after parting from her at the gate. Her statement, however, went a long way toward reestablishing the broker's confidence in Bob.

Old Mystery, however, wasn't taking any more chances than he could help, and so he had a detective in his employ shadow Bob every afternoon when he left the office for the day, and every morning a typewritten report of his messenger's movements of the afternoon and evening previous was handed in to him. The report was satisfactory in all but one respect. The exception was the fact that Bob dropped in each afternoon at

## "OLD MYSTERY," THE BROKER

the little bank on Nassau Street, where he showed great interest in the stock quotations of the day as recorded on the blackboard.

Mr. Hatch therefore strongly suspected that his messenger was playing the market, and he objected to that. For reasons he did not haul the boy over the coals about it, as he would ordinarily have done, and so Bob never dreamed that his boss had a line on his speculative tendencies.

So the week wore on and M. & N. went up to 92 and a fraction, and Bob stood to win \$2,000 on his deal. There had been no real boom in the stock so far, and Bob hesitated whether to cash in now or wait to see if the price took a spurt.

"They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," soliloquized the young messenger. "It is quite possible that there may be no boom, in which event it would be the part of prudence to sell before a slump sets in, which may happen at any moment. Still if I sold now and the price did jump up ten points more I'd feel like kicking myself for my want of nerve in failing to hold on."

Finally he decided to leave it to luck. He took a quarter out of his pocket.

"Heads I sell, tails I don't," he said, tossing up the coin.

It came heads.

"That settles it; I'll sell," he said.

He gave his order in at eleven o'clock, and ten minutes later he was out of the market with a profit of \$2,000. That made him worth \$5,000, and he felt pretty good.

On Monday M. & N. went to 94 and then suddenly dropped down into the eighties, where it roosted. Bob shook hands with himself, and decided that he had done the wise thing when he cashed in at a ten-point advance. Having no further interest in the market for the present he did not drop in at the little bank any more, and so the detective's report no longer mentioned his visits to that establishment.

Bob now began to wonder how the D. & L. matter was going on. The price had gone up at first, but lately it had declined to a point that meant a loss to somebody. If the clique of four had suffered Bob judged they had capital enough to stand it. He had no means of knowing how his boss stood in the game, but he was willing to bet a moderate sum that "Old Mystery" was holding his own if he wasn't doing better. Mr. Hatch said nothing more to him about his visit to Conway's house, so he concluded that the old man had accepted his story.

He was still being watched by the detective, but didn't know it. So another week passed—the fourth since he overheard the four members of the clique talking of their plan to do up "Old Mystery"—and still there were no startling developments in respect to D. & L.

Whatever was transpiring in it was going on under the surface. When the crisis came there was bound to be something doing. Bob never heard his employer mention D. & L., and so the boy couldn't tell whether he was still in it, or had quietly got out at the time the price was up.

When Bob struck the corner of Broadway and Wall Street on Monday morning he ran up against his friend, Will Nelson, who was on his way to his own office from the Sixth Avenue elevated station at the rear of the Empire Building.

"Hello, Bob"

"Hello, Will. What do you know this morning?"

"I know I'm alive for one thing," laughed Will.

"And I know that I'm two thousand cases better off than I was this time last week," replied Bob, complacently.

"The dickens you say. Been speculating again?"

"That's what I have. I made the money on a ten-point rise in M. & N."

"You seem to be a plunger. Two thousand dollars is an awful lot of money to risk in the market, especially when it's about all you have."

"Oh, I had another \$1,000 in reserve to meet a call for additional margin. Had I risked all of my money I should have been \$1,000 better off, but it's against my policy to put all my eggs in one basket."

"Then you're worth \$2,000 now?"

"Yes, every cent of it."

"And when you came to New York a few weeks ago you wasn't worth anything to speak of."

"That's a fact. It was the old maid's Maltese cat which is at the bottom of my luck."

"It was certainly a remarkable thing that you should find that valuable diamond ring in that tree. Such a thing wouldn't happen again in a thousand years. I wonder how it got there?"

"I've speculated on that, too. Some bird must have picked it off a window sill where it was lying and carried it there."

"The only birds we have in the city are the English sparrows. I've never accuse one of them of doing such a trick."

"Well, it got into the tree somehow, that's certain. I found it, and it has proved a mighty lucky find."

"To change the subject, how are you getting on with Old Mystery?"

"First rate; but not so well with the head bookkeeper."

"None of the messengers who held your job ever got on with him. He's a big crank. His face looks like seven days of rainy weather. Your boss must be lying back on his oars these days, for the papers haven't much to say about him. A month ago he was reported as being engaged in some big deal, but I haven't heard anything more about it, so I guess it was one of those fake rumors that are always circulating around the Street. I'll bet half the things said about your boss are several miles from the truth."

"Very likely," replied Bob, who had an idea that the deal referred to was the D. & L. one, which was still on the hooks for all he knew to the contrary.

"I wouldn't care to work for a boss who had such a queer nickname as yours. And I don't like his look either. Puts me in mind of one of those deep villains in a play or storybook. I wouldn't be surprised if he created a big sensation in Wall Street one of these days."

"It won't be my funeral if he does," replied Bob, as they stepped into one of the elevators which speedily let them out on their floor.

Bob was always the first to reach the office, though old Newton followed soon after him. He gathered up the letters and papers that the postman had shoved through a slit in the door and carried them into the private room. As he pulled out the flap of the desk and laid them on it he

fancied he heard a noise in the closet at the other end of the room. He looked at the closet. The door was slightly ajar.

"Something must have fallen down in it," he said, walking over and throwing open the door.

Crouching in a corner, partly hidden by an old overcoat, was a red-headed boy.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Bob Makes Another Haul in the Market.

For a moment Bob was too surprised to move. The red-headed intruder was also taken by surprise.

"What are you doing here?" Bob asked him. "Come out of that and give an account of yourself."

The red-headed boy jumped up and made a dash to escape. Bob headed him off and they came together with a whack that sent them both rolling on the floor. The intruder quickly scrambled on his feet and dashed for the door. Bob was after him like a shot.

"You're not going to get away like that," he cried.

The red-headed boy shot through the door and collided with old Newton, who had just entered the waiting-room. They went down in a heap and before Bob could stop he tripped over them.

"Help! Murder! Thieves!" squealed the old man, whose breath had been almost knocked out of him.

The intruder was up in a jiffy. He seized a chair and threw it at Bob. Bob ducked as he was getting up and the chair landed against Newton, wringing a cry of pain from him. The red-headed boy opened the outer door, dashed into the corridor and started for the stairs. Bob was determined to catch him and lost no time in following him. They both went down the stairs at breakneck speed, raising a big racket.

"Stop that boy!" shouted Bob, to a man below.

The red-headed boy dodged the man and abandoning the stairs flew along the corridor toward the rear of the building. Bob slid after him as if he had roller skates on and nabbed him at the head of the narrow rear flight which led to Pine Street.

The boy, however, was not an easy proposition to handle. He smashed Bob in the jaw, tripped him up and continued his flight. Bob swooped after him, and almost had him at the second landing when the boy dropped like a shot and his pursuer pitched over his head and hit the wall with a shock that stunned him. When Bob recovered his senses a few minutes later the red-headed boy had made good his escape.

"Gee! He was too much for me," he breathed, feeling of his sore head. "How in thunder did he get into our office, and what brought him there? He wouldn't have hidden himself in that closet in broad daylight just for the chance of stealing something. What could he steal, anyway, that would be worth the risk he ran? He couldn't carry off the boss' safe or desk. Maybe he was snooping around when he heard me come in and hid himself then. If so, how did he get in, for I found the door locked as usual?"

The whole thing was a conundrum to Bob, so he gave it up and returned to the office.

Old Mystery had arrived and his demoralized chief bookkeeper was closeted with him in his private room. Bob ventured to knock and was told to come in. Old Newton seemed to regard him as one of the guilty parties, for in his opinion the two boys had been skylarking in the office. Bob told Mr. Hatch how he had discovered the red-headed boy, who was a perfect stranger to him, hiding in the closet and had tried to capture him but failed.

"He's the first boy who ever knocked me out. He was quicker than greased lightning, and though I had my hands on him twice he got away," said Bob.

"Hiding in the closet, was he?" said the broker, knitting his brows; "and you say that he had a red head?"

"Yes, sir."

Old Mystery seemed to have his own suspicions concerning the boy's errand, but he said nothing about them. He dismissed Bob, and soon after old Newton came out looking much the worse for his strenuous experience. That afternoon a rumor was circulated in Wall Street that Old Mystery was trying to get hold of a majority of D. & L. stock in order to secure control of the road in the interest of a syndicate organized for that purpose. A rush was made for the D. & L. pole and a spirited bidding ensued for the stock. Nobody seemed to have any large amounts of it, and the price rose five points. Old Mystery, who was on the floor at the time, laughed at the flurry in the road and went around telling everybody that the rumor was a pure fake, like many others concerning his operations.

He offered to sell any part of 10,000 shares at the market, and Blumstein, who was acting as his confederate, took him up before Spencer, who was on the lookout, could get his acceptance in.

Spencer then offered Blumstein a point above the market for the stock he had apparently purchased, but the trader shook his head. The former was satisfied that a wash sale had been pulled off. He rushed up to Old Mystery and offered him two points above the market for 5,000 shares.

The old man declared he had sold all he had and so could not accommodate him. Spencer then, assisted by his partner, Hanson, bid the stock up three points more, but got none of it. In the midst of the excitement the gong struck and business was over on the Exchange for that day. That day Bob was notified that he must appear before the Grand Jury and testify against Clarence Naseby, who had been confined in the Tombs since his arrest. He showed the summons to his boss and got permission to attend to the matter. The Grand Jury found a bill against the ex-drummer on which he was subsequently tried and sent away for two years. Miss Fauci, the old maid at the boarding-house, had become very friendly with Bob since he recovered her pet Maltese for her. She presented him with a pair of gold sleeve buttons as an evidence of her appreciation of his service.

One evening after dinner she called him into the parlor and asked him if he knew of any good stock she could speculate in on margin.

"I wouldn't care to recommend any particular

one just now, but when I see anything worth while I'll let you know," he answered.

"Thank you, I should be ever so much obliged if you would," she replied.

A few days afterward Bob noticed that S. & T. was going up. He overheard a bunch of brokers talking about it, and they seemed to think that a certain big operator was trying to corner it. Before he went home Bob bought 300 shares at 85, and that evening he told Miss Faucit that the stock was rising and offered a good chance for her to make a haul.

"Will you place an order with your house for 100 shares for me?" she said.

"You'd better come down and place your own order, Miss Faucit. I could turn in your order, of course, if you give me the deposit, but I couldn't look out after it for you. You must watch your own deal."

"But I don't want to go down to Wall Street. I should be lost there."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I've got a deal on myself in it. If you want to trust me with \$1,000 I'll put your deal through in my own name, and I'll look out for it in connection with my own; but I won't undertake any responsibility in the matter. I will say this, that if my own deal wins out yours will also, but if I lose so will you."

The old maid agreed to that arrangement, and next evening handed him \$1,000. Bob bought the stock for her on the following day at a point above what he had paid for his own. Three days later the price was up eight points higher than what it cost him. He decided not to take any further chances, as he didn't believe there was going to be any boom in it, so he sold out his own stock and the 100 shares he bought for the old maid. His profit amounted to something over \$2,300, while Miss Faucit made about \$660. She was delighted at her success, and offered him the \$60 to pay him for his trouble, but he refused to accept it.

"I put the deal through to oblige you, and I won't accept any pay," he said.

Next day she invested the 60 in a handsome scarfpin which she presented to him, and he thanked her for her liberality, though he thought it a waste of money.

Bob now felt himself quite a small capitalist, for he was worth over \$7,000, and he had visions of becoming a moneyed individual in the course of time.

"Say, Bob," said Will Nelson, next day, "tomorrow is Decoration Day. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I haven't considered the matter," replied Bob. "If you've got any suggestion to make on the subject I'll hear it."

"Well, suppose we take a trip to Great South Bay and go fishing? We can take an early train to B—, then walk from the station to the wharf, hire a boat for the day and go off to a spot where I can guarantee we'll get all the fish we want. I've been there before and I know that we shall find good sport."

"All right. I like to fish pretty well when they bite."

"Then we'll consider the matter settled. I'll look up the train schedule and let you know when I'll call for you in the morning."

The two boys left the lunch counter where they had been eating, paid their checks and went back to their offices. When Bob got through for the day he found Will waiting for him at the entrance of the building. They walked up toward Broadway together.

"There's a train at ten minutes to seven," said Will. "We want to catch that. I'll call for you at a quarter of six, or a little before, so we'll have time to get our breakfast and make the depot in Brooklyn."

"I'll be on the stoop at half-past five looking for you."

The matter being settled, the boys parted at the corner, Bob taking a street car up Broadway.

## CHAPTER XII.—Caught in the Fog.

At half-past eight next morning the two boys, each provided with a bundle containing a good lunch, stood on a small wharf on the outskirts of B—.

There were several catboats and rowboats at the wharf, and their owners were hanging around on the lookout for somebody who wanted to go out on the bay. Will walked over to the owner of a staunch-looking catboat and began negotiating for the use of the boat for the day. The man stated his price and then said he wanted a deposit.

"How much do you want?" asked Will.

"Ten dollars."

"Do you take me for a plutocrat? I'll deposit \$5 with you."

"Where are you going?"

Will told him. The man accepted his offer.

"Come on, Bob," said Will, stepping aboard the little craft.

"Can you sail one of these things?" asked Bob, looking doubtfully at his companion, for he was no sailor himself.

"Can I? I should smile. I belong to the Harlem River Boat Club, and what I don't know about handling a sailboat isn't worth mentioning," replied Will confidently.

"But this isn't the Harlem River. This is a big body of water."

"That don't make any difference. I'd just as soon go off on the Atlantic."

"All right. I'll take your word. Only I hope you won't drown me, for I haven't made my will," laughed Bob.

"Why don't you, and leave your boodle to me?"

"I'll consider your suggestion."

"Get hold of that sheet and help me hoist the mailsail," said Will, after they had put their lunch bundles in a locker in the little cabin.

"What sheet are you talking about?" asked Bob vaguely, not seeing anything that looked like a sheet as he understood the word.

"That rope, I mean."

"Oh! Do you call that a sheet?"

"Sure. That's what it is."

"All right," said Bob, beginning to haul away.

In a few minutes they left the wharf with Will at the helm and Bob beside him. There was a good breeze and the boat skimmed along at a rapid gait. Bob enjoyed the sensation highly.

"How far it is to the fishing ground you spoke about?"

"Oh, about three miles or so. See that island yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's out there."

In the course of an hour they reached the spot Will aimed for and got out their lines. It was a bright day and luck did not run as good as Will expected, so after an hour they lifted the anchor and went a mile further on, where they tried again. They did fairly well till it was time to eat, when they stopped for lunch. After eating they resumed fishing, but the fish didn't bite any more to speak of and they changed their place again. By this time they were a good six miles from the wharf and the weather was growing hazy.

"I guess we'll pull up stakes and start back," said Will about four o'clock. "Looks as if there was a fog coming in and we don't want to get caught in it."

They started to return, but the wind had dropped and they made but slow progress. The air grew more and more misty and the sun could hardly be seen. As the moments elapsed the breeze continued to fall away until at length it dropped to a dead calm.

"I'm afraid we're in a pickle," said Will.

"How?" asked Bob.

"There's no wind to carry us along."

"It'll spring up again, I suppose."

"It may not while the fog lasts."

"How long is the fog liable to last?"

"All night, maybe. We'll be lost in it soon."

"What can we do?"

"Nothing, for we can't get out and walk."

"If there's no wind there is no danger of the boat capsizing. That's one comfort," said Bob. "We can go in the cabin and lie down. Nothing like taking things easy."

"I don't fancy being out in a fog. We are liable to drift ashore somewhere. Or we might even drift through the strait yonder out to sea if there's a strong ebb tide."

"I shculd hope not," replied Bob, rather startled at the suggestion.

"I should hope not, but you never can tell where you'll fetch up in a thick fog. I'm afraid it's going to be kind of dense. We can't see the shore now, and pretty soon we won't be able to see the water even."

Will's statement was soon verified. The sea mist rapidly thickened, and inside of twenty minutes they were enveloped in a fog as thick as pea soup. The boat floated at the will of the current, and what direction that took neither of the boys had any idea.

"It's damp and chilly out here," said Bob; "let's go into the cabin. There is no danger of our being run down by anything in this calm, for I guess there isn't a steamer on the bay. At any rate we haven't seen one since we've been out."

Will was just as glad as his friend to seek the shelter of the cabin. He found a lamp standing in a bracket attached to the bulkhead and they soon had a light, which made the cabin a bit more cheerful. They each took possession of a locker, and reclining on them talked for an hour on various subjects while the thick air outside grew darker and darker as the sun went down and night fell upon the face of nature.

"I'm beginning to feel hungry," said Will, at length. "I'd like to be in front of a good square meal now."

"So would I; but it looks as if we won't get a chance to eat tonight."

The prospect before them was not very encouraging, but there wasn't the least use in kicking, so, like sensible chaps, they made the best of their unenviable situation.

Conversation lagged after a while, and finally they both fell into a doze. While they slept the catboat drifted through the fog like a ghostly craft, without raising a ripple on the calm surface of the big bay. Two hours passed and then the boat floated into a little cove of one of the islands at the western end of the bay and came to rest against the sandy beach. The action of the rising tide kept her bows bumping gently against the shore. Whether this aroused Bob, or he merely woke up of his own accord, is immaterial.

He opened his eyes and looked across at Will. His companion was till sound asleep. Bob got up and stretched himself with a yawn and then for want of something else to do he stepped out into the cockpit to take a look at the weather. The fog had thinned out a good bit, and he caught sight of a star now and then. Looking around he noticed a dark patch beyond the bows. He wondered what it was. Stepping on the roof of the cabin he walked forward to get a better view. He couldn't make out what it was, but he became conscious that the boat was thumping against something.

"I wonder if we've drifted ashore?" he asked himself.

There was a boathook lying against the narrow side of the boat and he picked it up. Pushing it down beyond the bows it met with resistance, and that convinced him that there was solid ground in front. After feeling around a while with the hook, he picked up the bow line and jumped, landing on the beach. Jabbing the boathook into the sand he tied the rope to it. Then he walked toward the dark object that loomed up through the night.

It proved to be a dilapidated building, erected many years since by some fishermen at the head of the little inlet. The door stood wide open, and Bob flashed a match to see what the place looked like inside.

As the flame flared up the boy caught a view of a small table, three cheap chairs, a cupboard built against the wall, and a small cooking stove.

In one corner was a flight of stairs leading to a loft. Bob's curiosity induced him to ascend them to see what was in the upper regions. The stairs creaked and groaned under Bob's weight as he went up in the dark, but they seemed in no danger of collapsing. Striking another match Bob looked around the loft. It contained various marine odds and ends, such as ropes, a block or two, an old sail, a lantern hanging from a nail, and a small sea-chest. Bob walked over to take a look into the chest. It contained some old and greasy wearing apparel, a battered sou'wester hat, and a few other things not worth mentioning.

As Bob was about to retrace his steps he heard voices at the door of the cabin, and two men entered with a lantern which shed its rays up

through the holes and cracks in the floor of the loft.

"Shut the door, Newton," said a voice that the surprised boy recognized as that of "Old Mystery." "We can talk here without fear of interruption."

Bob, wondering what had brought his boss and the head bookkeeper to that out-of-the-way spot, sank softly down on the floor and applied his ear to one of the holes, the better to hear the conversation of the two men.

### CHAPTER XIII.—What Bob Overheard in the Shanty.

"It seems to me that this is a daring game you propose to play, Mr. Hatch," said Caleb Newton, after shutting the door and placing the lantern on the table, where it illuminated their faces, and partly lit up the room above.

"Do you know anything I don't dare to do when driven into a corner?" replied the broker, with savage earnestness.

"No. I believe you have more nerve than any man in Wall Street."

"The Conway clique has too much money for me to buck against," said Hatch, in his customary deep tones, "therefore it is necessary that I adopt tactics that will reverse the situation."

"But consider the danger you are facing in proceeding to the extremity which you propose to go."

"Danger! Bah! I have counted the cost and will take all risks."

"You propose to entice these men to your house?"

"Exactly. Once within the four walls of my dwelling they will be entirely in my power."

"I know; but afterward? Whatever terms you might be able to wring from them when they find themselves at a disadvantage they will not keep."

"No? I'll see about that. Do not imagine that I am about to engage in a bit of child's play. The terms I intend to wring from them they shall keep or—"

"Or what?"

"They will never turn up in Wall Street again."

"How can you prevent that unless you put them out of the way, and, of course, you have no intention of actually harming them?"

"Self-preservation, Newton, is the first law of nature," returned "Old Mystery," grimly.

"Surely that is why I advise you to consider your plan. Don't run the risk of putting yourself in the hands of the law."

"The law!" exclaimed Old Mystery, with a harsh laugh. "The man who has the ability to contrive and the power to execute can laugh at the law."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Hatch. The law has a long reach. I believe in keeping on the safe side."

"The man who dares is the man who succeeds."

"Well, I advise you to go slow in this matter. Better compromise. As things stand you can't secure control of the D. & L. unless you can make terms with the Conway clique. They hold the balance of power and doubtless mean to make the most of their advantage. The situation is practically at a deadlock, but the side with the longest purse stands the best show in the long run."

"The longest head may beat out the longest purse," replied Old Mystery, significantly. "Now listen and I will explain the plan more fully to you, and whatever other objections you have to offer I will listen to, but, as I have made up my mind to carry this thing through, it is hardly likely they will have any effect on me."

The broken at once went into the details of his scheme to force an issue on the D. & L. tangle in which both sides held an equal number of aces.

Old Mystery proposed to ring in the joker and as Bob listened to his scheme he was amazed at its daring character.

"Why, the man must be crazy to think of working such a game," he muttered. "It is bound to land him in jail if it misses fire, and the chances of success seem to me to be very small. In any case it isn't square, and only goes to show to what desperate extremes my boss will go to score a point."

Caleb Newton evidently thought the same as the unsuspected listener, and he voiced a strenuous protest against the project. He foresaw trouble of no ordinary kind ahead for his employe. He was one of those old men who, through long service, are wrapped up body and soul in their master's interests. He knew that Mr. Hatch was a man of implacable purpose, and that he would face any risk in the execution of a plan he had once determined on.

The project he now had in view, however, dwarfed anything he had ever contemplated before during his long career in Wall Street.

Newton also knew that Conway and Jason were men accustomed to pushing large and even questionable schemes through with success. They had resources that protected them, and they were wily in the extreme. Smart as Hatch was Newton felt that he was not in the same class with those two men, and he trembled at the prospect of the precarious scheme to beat them proposed by his employer, who was clearly set on carrying it out.

As long as he fought them with their own weapons it was merely a battle of wits between them, but the moment Hatch resorted to means not justifiable under any legal pretence he was risking everything on the cast of dice loaded against him.

"Mr. Hatch, listen to me," he said in jerky tones. "There is an old saying that he whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. You are surely mad to engage in such a game as you are contemplating."

"Mad!" laughed Old Mystery, sardonically. "Perhaps I am. But who is driving me into this thing but these men who have no more conscience than this table," and he pounded the wood once more so forcibly that the lantern danced.

"So much the more reason why you should not run the risk of putting yourself in their power."

"Bah! It is high time Conway was bought up with a short turn. I am determined that he and Jason shall find their match in me. They are of the jackal breed and the old fox shall teach them a lesson. Look out now and see how the weather is. I am anxious to get away from this island on which we drifted in the fog."

Newton rose and opened the door.

"It is clearing up fast," he said.

"Let us go then," said Old Mystery impatiently.

He strode out of the shanty, followed by his confidential clerk, and was presently lost in the gloom of the night.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—A Surprising Revelation.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Bob. "Things have reached a pretty desperate pass with Mr. Hatch. I was not wrong when I sized him up a wicked enemy. He is no fool and fully counts the chances he is taking in this scheme of his. I think I understand him even better than Newton. He does not intend that Conway or Jason shall ever get the chance to make him pay a forfeit. As sure as I sit here those two men, if they go to the house in Roseville, will never leave it alive until the old man makes cocksure that he had drawn their sting. As they are not the kind of men to be easily bulldozed I fear the worst. What shall I do now that I am on to this thing? Shall I warn Conway and Jason of their danger? How can I warn them without making some kind of an explanation? And what effect would that explanation have on Mr. Hatch's interests? I certainly have no wish to make a move that will injure him in the least. I am no traitor. Yet if I remain inactive murder perhaps may take place. Was a chap ever placed in such a quandry?"

Bob walked down the creaky stairs and out into the night air much exercised over the responsibility that he felt rested upon him. He started to walk back to the catboat, but instead of taking the right road his steps led him away from the inlet and over to the left side of the island. He had just woke up to the fact that he was on the wrong track when he saw a small steam yacht lying moored beside a stumpy wharf. The only light aboard of her streamed through a single porthole on her quarter at the edge of the wharf. Bob looked at her dim outlines for a moment and then something impelled him to walk out to her.

The porthole was just on a level with his head, so there was no difficulty in taking a squint. Four men were seated around a mahogany table in the cabin, on which stood cut-glass decanters and glasses, a box of cigars and a japanned iron box such as business men use to hold valuable papers.

To Bob's astonishment he recognized the gentleman as Conway, who sat at the head of the table with several documents in front of him, Jason, and Brokers Spencer and Hanson.

"Gentlemen," Conway was saying, "I think we have Old Mystery where the shoe pinches, and we will be able to force an issue at once that is bound to bring him to his knees. Had Jason and I been in the position to raise more money before we should have wound the trick up weeks ago. This document simplifies matters. The Wall Street National will loan a cool million on it, and will never be the wiser that it isn't genuine."

"Are you sure that it's safe to use it?" said Spencer. "If the president should detect that the certificate is a forged one there is sure to be trouble. An investigation would involve us maybe in ruin, since you know it is a criminal offense to make use of a forged certificate of stock."

"There is not the slightest danger of detection." replied Conway, in a confidential tone. "Mr.

Webster has the greatest confidence in Jason and myself. We are reputed to be worth many millions, and our paper will be taken by any bank. The last thing Webster would dream of is that we would offer him crooked security for good money. A few days will suffice to push Old Mystery to the wall, then with our profits we will redeem the forged certificate, and that will be the end of the matter. It is a great advantage in this world to have a reputation above suspicion."

"You certainly have a big head to think of this scheme at a moment when it will prove of the utmost advantage to us," said Spencer. "We are now holding our own against Hatch by the skin of our teeth, and without half a million or more we must come out at the short end of the horn. The only thing that really holds him in the traces is the delusion that you and Jason are worth more money than you are. A year ago things were different with you. That was before you sunk several millions in Montana Copper. That attempt to corner the control of the mine crippled you, but fortunately no one in the Street but Hanson and me, your confidential brokers, is aware of your true financial status. Both of you have all your available capital, about three million, invested in D. & L. Jason and I are in for another million between us. This four million of stock we have hypothecated for two and a half million more which is all gone into the fight, with another million we raised on the additional shares. In other words, we have seven and a half million dollars' worth of stock under our control. The interest account is what is doing us up. The longer this fight hangs fire the more we're out. Under those circumstances I think we can take the risk with the forged certificate, since the money we can raise on it will turn the scales in our favor, and get us out of the hole we now are in."

"Then, gentlemen, I am to understand that the matter is settled with your concurrence?" said Conway.

The three other men nodded.

"Then for our mutual protection we will each attach our usual signatures to this paper which acknowledges that we are all implicated in this scheme to raise money on D. & L. certificate of stock No. 3,000," said Conway.

He drew a fountain penholder from his vest pocket and wrote his name with a flourish, and passed the paper with the pen to Jason, who signed it without hesitation.

Then Spencer and Hanson, each in turn, wrote their names. When it got back to Conway he placed it in the box on top of the forged certificate, and called on his associates to fill up their glasses and drink success to the downfall of Old Mystery.

Bob had been an eager and attentive listener to the proceedings in the cabin. To say that what he heard astonished him would be to put the matter in its mildest light. He had by the merest accident and the greatest good luck got possession of information of the most valuable character—information that would place these four schemers in Mr. Hatch's power the moment he learned the facts. There would be no need now of him carrying out his daring game. All he had to do was to give Conway time to hypothecate the forged certificate and then call upon the president of the bank and expose the trick. An investigation would

convict the members of the clique, and then the law would swoop down on them and gather them into their disgrace and ruin.

"I wish I could get hold of that paper with their names attacked," thought the boy. "That would be the best evidence Mr. Hatch could have against them. He'd have them in such a tight box that they couldn't wriggle out with the most astute lawyers in the world at their back."

There didn't seem to be the ghost of a chance that Bob could secure the important paper. It lay in the iron box on the table within reach of the four gentlemen. Suddenly a daring idea occurred to the boy. On the spur of the moment he sprang aboard the yacht and, sticking his head in at the door of the passage, shouted in excited tones:

"Fire! Fire! The hold is on fire. Run for your lives!"

In a moment there was a hasty moving of chairs in the cabin, and the four gentlemen rushed out on deck in great alarm. Bob passed them in the passage shouting fire. When he reached the cabin door he saw it was empty. The box stood on the table with the key in it. Bob slammed the door tight, darted over, opened the box, captured the paper, and shut and locked the box again. Then he rushed up the stern companion stairs and gained the quarter deck, from which point of vantage he saw the indistinct figures of the four gentlemen, and several of the crew gathered in a bunch near the yacht's funnel, all talking in a loud and excited way. Bob saw that it was impossible for him to regain the wharf without attracting observation. As it would not do to be caught on board after the alarm was discovered to be a groundless one, he was at his wit's end how to get ashore. He finally decided that he would have to take to the water and make the land that way. He slipped over the yacht's stern and swam for the side of the wharf. He reached it after a few strokes and then found that he could touch bottom. As he walked out of the water on to the beach he saw two men, evidently members of the yacht's crew, step out on the wharf with lighted lanterns in their hands.

"Looks as if they're going to hunt for the chap who gave the false alarm of fire," thought Bob.

He hurried back the way he had come, and in a short time reached the shanty. As the fog had thinned out to a light mist by this time, Bob was able to make out where the creek lay. He started for it to regain the catboat and take off his wet clothes. But an unpleasant surprise was waiting him. When he reached the little inlet he could see no signs of the catboat anywhere.

#### CHAPTER XV.—Marooned.

"Gee! Where's 'the boat?'" he said. "Will wouldn't unmoor and leave the island without me, I know, therefore the only conclusion I can arrive at is that I didn't stick the boathook deep enough into the sand, so when the wind came up it caught the mainsail which we had spread and pulled the boat free and down the inlet into the bay while Will slept on unconscious of what was going on."

Bob's guess was a good one, for that is exactly what had happened.

H"Now what am I going to do?" thought the young messenger. "I can't stand around in my wet clothes for the night air is plaguey chilly. I must get up some circulation or I may catch a good cold that might lay me up for a week or two."

At that moment he recollects the old clothes in the sea-chest in the loft of the shanty, and also that there was a bunch of hay up there that had apparently been used as a bed.

"I'll change my wet garments for those old dry ones, then crawl into the hay and take a snooze for the rest of the night," he decided.

He made a bee-line for the shanty and was soon up in the loft. After tripping and putting on enough of the greasy fishing togs to cover him, he wrung the moisture out of his own clothes and spread them on the floor. Then he crawled into the hay and in a few moments felt quite comfortable. He was convinced that his companion would return to the island and look for him until it suddenly occurred to him that Will might not wake up until the boat had floated out of sight of the island, in which event he would have no knowledge that the boat had been moored to the land at all.

"He'll have a fit when he finds that I'm not on board and he'll wonder where I went to. Maybe he'll think that I fell overboard in the fog and was drowned," thought Bob.

While speculating over the quandary his friend was sure to be in he dozed off into a dreamless slumber and slept like a top till morning.

His first sensation on awakening was that of astonishment at his surroundings, but he soon recollects all that had happened the day and evening before.

"I wonder where Will is by this time?" he asked himself, as he sprang up.

His next thought was where he was going to get something to eat, and that was a serious consideration, for he was ravenously hungry by this time. He picked up his clothes, but they were still damp and sodden.

"I must hang them up in the sun to dry," he said.

He took them downstairs and spread them about on the ground. Then he went over to the creek and looked out on the bay. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and he saw two or three sail-boats skimming the water, but none of them was heading for the island. It occurred to him to walk over to the wharf where the steam yacht was moored the night before. When he got within view of the wharf he saw that the yacht was no longer there. He walked slowly back to the shanty and, sitting down in the sunshine, he waited for his clothes to dry. Two hours passed before they were ready to put on, and during that time he thoroughly appreciated the feeling of a person who is compelled to go without food because he hasn't the price of a meal. As soon as he was attired in his own clothes again he started to walk around to the other end of the island. A bunch of trees cut off his view, and as he approached them he sniffed the smell of smoke which he presently saw rising above the upper branches.

"There's somebody on the island as sure as I live," he cried eagerly. "I wonder if they're cooking anything?"

He made a dash forward and soon came in sight of three boys standing around a fire built on the shore within a short distance of an open sailboat. They eyed him curiously as he came toward them. He looked at the fire and saw that one of the boys was holding a frying-pan full of fish over the hot coals. The sight of the sizzling fish made his mouth water and his eyes bulge with a famished look.

"Say, what'll you take for that fish?" he asked, eagerly, walking up to the lads.

"They ain't for sale. We're going to eat 'em ourselves," said one of the boys.

"But you'll sell me two or three, won't you? I'll give you a dollar for them."

"A dollar!" exclaimed the boy, incredulously, while all three looked at him as if they thought he was guying them.

"Yes, a dollar," repeated Bob, pulling a bill out of his pocket. "I'm half starved. Haven't had anything to eat since yesterday at one o'clock."

Bob's looks and actions convinced the bunch that he really was famished, so he not only got the fish, but half a dozen soda crackers to boot.

Bob insisted that they accept the dollar and divide it between them, and then he fell to and made short work of the fried fish and soda crackers. He washed the meal down with a good drink from a bottle full of milk that the boys handed him, and then he said he felt like a new person.

"Gee! I believe you fellows have saved my life," he remarked, "and you don't know how grateful I am to you."

"How came you to be marooned on this island?" asked the boys, full of curiosity to learn the cause of his predicament.

"It's all on account of the fog that came up yesterday afternoon," he said. "My name is Bob Granger and I'm a Wall Street messenger. Yesterday being a holiday a friend and myself came out here from the city on a fishing expedition."

Then he told how they had hired a catboat and had fished in different places till the approach of the fog warned them to return to the wharf at B—; how they had become becalmed in the fog, and all that happened to him after that, with the exception of the visit of his boss and the head bookkeeper to the shanty, and his adventure in connection with the steam yacht.

The boys agreed that the springing up of the wind had caused the boat to pull the boathook out of the sand and go adrift.

"I suppose you want to get ashore so you can return to the city," said one of the boys.

"Yes; it would be a great favor if you would land me somewhere so that I can get a train for Brooklyn," replied Bob.

"B— is the only place near here, and that is about six miles away. We'll take you there."

"Thanks. I'll give you a couple of dollars more for your trouble. That will give you a dollar apiece. I can afford it, so you needn't be afraid to take it."

The boys declared that he was a brick and told him to step into the boat. Two minutes later they were gliding along close to the island, and after passing the wharf where the steam yacht had been moored they came into view of the inlet where the catboat had come ashore. Here they saw a catboat just shooting in to the spot. To

Bob's surprise and intense satisfaction his friend Will Nelson was sitting at the helm.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

"Hello, Will!" shouted Bob.

Will turned and looked around. When he saw Bob standing up in the sailboat he shouted and waved his hand.

"There's my friend and the catboat. Put in and land me. That will save you the trouble of taking me over to B—," said Bob to the three boys.

The boat was rounded and headed into the inlet.

"Come ashore and I'll introduce you to my friend," said Bob.

"Where have you been all night, Bob?" asked Will curiously.

"Right on this island."

"You don't say! Why, when I woke up and found you gone I didn't know what had become of you. I was almost sure you had fallen overboard, for the boat was sailing along under the breeze that had sprung up."

"I'll tell you all that happened later on. Let me make you acquainted with these fellows, who are first-class chaps. They furnished me with a breakfast when I was hungry enough to chew 'most anything."

After a short talk Bob said it was time for Will and him to return to B—.

The boys offered him the two dollars back that he had given them for the passage to the village, but Bob told them to keep the money, as he considered they deserved it. They were delighted with his liberality, and gave him a cheer as he and Will sailed out of the inlet en route for B—.

During the trip Bob told Will all that had happened to him during the night, including the visit of Old Mystery and Newton to the shanty, and his subsequent adventure at the steam yacht, for he knew that he could depend on his friend to keep his mouth shut. Will told him that when morning came he found the boat's mooring line dragging in the water. When he pulled it in he discovered the boathook attached to it. That gave him his first idea that the boat had landed somewhere while he slept and that Bob had moored it with the boathook. It looked clear enough that the hook had become detached and allowed the boat to drift away. So Will was satisfied that his friend was ashore on one of the islands along the western end of the bay. He determined therefore to visit the islands in turn, for he had no idea on which one Bob had landed. He found a party of fishermen on the first island he struck and they gave him some breakfast and looked over the island with him for Bob, but without success. Then he started for the island where he finally met Bob as described.

They reached B— about half-past twelve and had to wait till nearly two for a train. It wanted ten minutes of three when they reached their respective offices in Wall Street. Bob made a brief explanation as to the cause of his absence to old Newton, and then asked for Mr. Hatch. He learned that he had gone off for the day. Bob decided that the news he had to tell his boss was

too important to wait, and determined to go out to his house after he had his supper. Meeting Will he arranged with his friend to go with him for company. Will called at the boarding-house at half-past seven and the boys started for Jersey City together. They arrived in front of the residence of the broker at about a quarter of nine and Bob rang the gate bell. The hungry-looking servant answered the summons and asked what he wanted. Bob told him that he had a message of great importance for Mr. Hatch. After some hesitation the lad admitted them and piloted them into the room adjoining the broker's library.

"He's engaged with four gentlemen," said the boy. "You'll have to wait till they go."

He went away leaving the boys alive. They heard Old Mystery's voice raised in angry and threatening tones. Bob had his suspicions about the identity of the visitors, and he slipped over to the door and applied his eye to the keyhole. What he saw in the room rather startled him. Bound helpless to four chairs and gagged sat Conway, Jason, Spencer and Hanson and over them stood Mr. Hatch with a revolver in his hand.

"Now, then, you'll agree to my proposition or none of you'll leave this house alive," gritted Old Mystery, and his look and manner indicated that he meant every word he said. Bob beckoned Will to the door and told him to look.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Will, on taking in the situation.

"We've got to interfere or there may be murder done," whispered Bob.

"What can we do?" asked Will, much excited. Bob told him in a few words what they would do. Throwing open the door, Bob rushed in and grabbed Old Mystery around the waist with both hands, while Will, in accordance with their plan, sprang to the aid of the four prisoners and lost no time in getting them loose. While he was doing it Bob was putting up a desperate struggle with his boss. Old Mystery was a mighty powerful man, but Bob was a strong boy and had him at some disadvantage. The broker would have eventually overcome him had they been alone, but Hanson and Spencer came to his assistance, and with the additional aid of Conway the old broker was secured.

"So you are a traitor after all?" hissed Hatch, glaring at his office boy.

"No, sir, I'm not. I simply interfered to prevent you from committing a possible murder at wholesale."

"Go to the telephone, Jason, and call in the police," said Conway.

"Stop," said Bob. "You'll do nothing of the kind. We'll settle this matter by ourselves."

"Why, the man intended to murder us," said the operator.

"No matter what he intended to do you are safe now. He wanted you to sign a certain paper. I advise you to do it," said Bob.

"Well, I guess not," replied Conway. "The boot is on the other leg now."

"You think you hold the winning hand, eh?"

"We know we do," replied Conway.

"You're wrong. Mr. Hatch has you where the hair is short. You have raised money, or arranged to do so, in a forged certificate of D. &

L. stock, No. 3,000, and that is a criminal offense."

"What!" cried the operator, while his companions looked aghast.

"Here is the proof of it," said Bob, showing him the paper the four men had signed the night before aboard the steam yacht.

"How did you get that?" cried Conway.

"No matter. Agree to Mr. Hatch's terms or this paper will be used against you," said Bob.

We will not dwell on what followed. Old Mystery himself was astonished at the turn affairs had taken through the instrumentality of his office boy. Before the four men left the house they agreed to accept Mr. Hatch's terms, which consisted in the transfer to him of enough of the stock they held to give him the control of the D. & L. road, for which he allowed them the market price. Thus Old Mystery achieved his pet project, and the newspapers had a whole lot to say about him for the next few days. The old man was very grateful to Bob for saving him from the commission of a wholesale crime, which was what his daring game led to, and he gave the boy a small interest in his business, and promoted him to the post of junior clerk.

After that Bob was a frequent and welcome visitor at his house, and when a couple of years later he asked Mr. Hatch for the hand of Eunice, the old man willingly accepted him as his prospective son-in-law, and promised him a half interest in his business on the day of his marriage.

This promise he faithfully kept, and so Bob became a full-fledged partner of "Old Mystery" the broker.

Next week's issue will contain "CAPITAL—ONE DIME; or, BORING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE."

#### RADIO WAVE CHANGES AFFECT 70 STATIONS

A sweeping order changing the broadcasting operations of 70 stations was made public recently by the Federal Radio Commission. Effective Dec. 1, it is designed to clear twenty-five channels between 600 and 1,000 kilocycles.

Among the new allocations ordered were these: WCAE, Pittsburgh, 650 kilocycles, 500 watts.

WOO and WIP, Philadelphia, 860 kilocycles, 500 watts, sharing with WGBS, New York City.

WNJ, Newark, 1120 kilocycles, 250 watts, sharing with WGCP and WAAM.

WBKN, New York City, 1500 kilocycles, 100 watts, sharing with WURL, Woodside, L. I., and WBMS and WIBI, New York City.

WABC, New York City, 970 kilocycles, 2,500 watts night, 5,000 watts daytime, sharing with WOBQ.

WPCH, Jersey City, and WRNY, New York, sharing 920 kilocycles, 500 watts.

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# Ninety Degrees South

## or, Lost in the Land of Ice

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Delays

"Hallo! Where are you?"  
 "Outside the berg. Could you find a way out?"  
 "No. What has happened?"  
 "The opening is closed. Wait a few minutes."  
 "All right. It isn't cold in here."

The entire party immediately set to work with axes and picks clearing away an entrance.

At times fresh masses of ice would fall, increasing the work of clearing the way.

At last, however, there was an opening sufficiently wide to allow the boys to come out.

"We had no idea that the thing would close up," said Phil.

"In fact, I thought very little about it," added Dick.

"Boys never do think," growled Wills. "Here I took especial pains to close the place so that no one would venture in, and you have to blunder right into it and give us all this extra work."

"I am very sorry, I'm sure," said Phil. "We did not intend to go any distance, but simply to see if there wasn't a short-cut."

"You ought to know better," snapped Wills.

"We will be more careful in future," said Phil.

"Are we on a floe, Mr. Fenton?"

"I think we are, but I won't say that we can't get away from it. A change of wind may set us adrift, and we can also cut away the fresh ice and render our position less dangerous. There is a great deal of heavy ice ahead of us, but there is no reason to believe that we are tied up here for all time."

They now set out for the Pioneer, Sadie managing to draw Phil aside and whispering:

"Look out for Wills. He means mischief, and will do you all the harm he can."

"I'll look out for him," said Phil, simply.

Upon returning to the ship the work of cutting away the freshly formed ice was begun and kept up for several hours.

By the use of saws, axes and picks a channel was cut all around the vessel, so that no ice would crowd in upon and pinch her.

The thickness of the floe upon which they rested could not be determined, but this was not necessary.

As soon as a way ahead of them could be cleared, the engines could be started and driven to their full extent, which would carry them off the floe and into deep water.

It was only necessary, therefore, to wait till the pack ice separated, leaving clear water ahead of them, to resort to this expedient and free themselves.

They were nearly all day cutting the channel around the vessel, and when it was done they were well satisfied, as it gave them a sense of security which they would not have felt without it.

That very night, in fact, they saw the benefit of it.

The wind changed suddenly and drove the pack ice toward them, but as there was now a broad channel all around, it could not pile up against their sides.

Very little new ice formed during the night, as the engines were kept going at a slow speed, which kept the water agitated and prevented the ice from forming.

Captain Essex chafed at the delay, however, and the next day a party was sent out to see if there was any chance of getting out if a channel were cut ahead of them.

Mr. Fenton thought it was feasible, and the men all got to work with great saws to cut through the ice.

It was very thick, and the work progressed slowly, so that by night there was a lane only twenty or thirty yards long, beginning a few yards from the bow.

This channel was kept free of new ice the next day, while the work of lengthening it was carried on.

They were really free of the barrier, for only floe ice was ahead of them now, and as soon as this broke up there was every chance that they could go on.

Early in the third day the wind came to their assistance and broke up the ice in front of them, the great expanse of solid ice being soon a mass of scattered cakes, small bergs and bits of the pack.

The channel in front of them kept the small bergs from drifting upon them, and now Captain Essex determined to make an effort to get clear of the cradle which held him.

No sooner had the wind changed, giving promise of breaking up the pack, when he had the men recalled and then ordered the engines set going at their fullest speed.

The blades of the propellers revolved furiously, the water was churned into foam, and the Pioneer began to advance, slowly at first, and then more rapidly as the sharp prow cut into the ice.

The engines were forced to their utmost, the water fairly boiled under the propellers, there was a sharp, grinding sound as the ice gave way in front, and at last, having cut herself a path to freedom, the gallant little vessel leaped from her cradle of ice, which suddenly split in two as she plunged into the deep water ahead of her.

Spray dashed high on all sides, but the Pioneer, being now afloat, dashed along the channel cut for her, reaching the end as the wind began to take full effect.

She cut through the weakening ice field and was soon free, sending out huge clouds of black smoke as she rushed on, while every man on board, not excepting the captain himself and the ill-tempered Wills, uttered shouts of joy at their deliverance.

"What do you think of our reaching ninety degrees south now, professor?" asked Phil, who

was standing on the bow with Sadie, her uncle and Dick.

"H'm! We are a long way from there yet, my boy," answered Waddles. "Still, I must admit that Captain Essex has handled his vessel very well and made her do wonders. She is evidently much stronger than the Jeannette, which was caught in an ice-cradle very much as we were, or we would never have got out. However, ours might not have been as large."

"Uncle Jerry, you are always finding fault," said Sadie. "When you made up your mind to go on this expedition, you ought to have been willing to take everything that came, without question."

"H'm!" muttered Waddles, "if my memory doesn't fail me, I made up my mind simply because I could not help myself. I am glad we are out of troubles, I am sure, and now unless I have a return of that dreadful seasickness, I feel confident that I shall quite—"

It was very evident that the seasickness had returned, for the poor man made a sudden bolt for the cabin, and when he returned, three or four hours later, looked very wretched.

They had taken an observation at noon and found that they were in latitude 75 degrees south and longitude 100 degrees west from Greenwich, having gone considerably out of their original course by reason of the ice barrier.

"All parallels of longitude reach the Pole," said Captain Essex, "and I can follow one as well as another. The barrier kept us from locating some of the supposed Antarctic continents, but they were not really what I was in search of."

"Supposed continents?" repeated Waddles. "They are not supposed at all, sir. They actually exist."

"In the minds of explorers, I admit, professor, but we are not at all certain—"

"But these lands have been located, sir."

"Your lands may be vast fields of ice, professor. Who knows whether Greenland is a continent or an island? Wrangell Land was found to be merely an island, and so may some of these Antarctic lands be found to—"

"But you will overturn all accepted beliefs, captain, if you prove this," cried Waddles, excitedly. "That will never do, I tell you. You can't upset things like that."

"Columbus upset theories," laughed the captain, "and so did others before him. Folks used to insist that the world was flat, and some will gravely insist even now that there is a hole right through the earth from the North Pole to the South, and that the water—"

"That is only nonsense, of course, but as to there being well-defined Antarctic continents there is no doubt."

The worthy man would have continued to argue the subject, but a sudden return of his sickness prevented him, and he beat a hasty and undignified retreat.

They left the worst of the ice behind them that night and steamed on, hoping to meet with no more opposition.

They were within nine hundred miles of the South Pole, and with clear sailing would be able to make the distance in a few days.

Travel in Antarctic regions is not what it is elsewhere, however, and it was not long before they discovered that it would be many days before they reached their destination, if at all.

A change of wind brought the ice around them once more, and although they were not in danger of being nipped or of having a berg slide under them as before, they found it almost impossible to advance, and were ten days making as many miles.

They drifted to the westward more than they steamed to the south, and at last they neither drifted nor went ahead, but seemed to stand still, blocked by interminable ice fields.

"There is time enough," the undaunted captain would often say, but as the days went on and the Antarctic winter drew nearer, it began to look as if there was not sufficient time in which to accomplish his object, and that he was, like so many others, doomed to disappointment.

They had been a month in the ice, the days were growing very short, with a prospect of there soon being nothing but one long night, when one morning the wind changed, so that there was considerable open water before them, and the prospect of continuing the voyage was most favorable.

"Now for ninety degrees south!" cried the captain, and all the crew echoed the wish.

While the short day lasted the Pioneer made fair progress, but at length night set in, dark and threatening, and their speed was greatly reduced.

The searchlight was turned on and gave them a great deal of assistance in seeing their way, but at last it began to snow so furiously that not even that could help them, and they were obliged to go at a snail's pace for fear of accident.

Dick, Phil and Sadie were in the saloon chatting like magpies, the professor, who sat close at hand, hearing nothing of their conversation, so engrossed was he in a book he had picked up.

"What are we stopping for?" asked Sadie, suddenly. "Do you suppose the ice is in our way again?"

"Probably," said Phil, who was not on duty at that time. "If we could go ahead, you may be sure that we would. Our engines are powerful, and nothing ordinary would stop us."

"And I have never seen them, as long as I have been on board the vessel," said Sadie. "I have either had to look out for Uncle Jerry or there has been something else to do, or I didn't think of it till just now."

"Well, this is as good a time as any," laughed Phil, "for your Uncle Jerry seems perfectly indifferent, and I doubt if he would know the difference if you remained or went away."

"I don't believe he would," said Sadie, "so suppose we go down and have a look at the engines."

"You will enjoy seeing the electric machines, too," said Phil. "They are really very fine, and quite worth a visit. Come on, Dick, you don't have to stay and amuse the professor."

They left the saloon for the engine-rooms without a thought of what was about to happen, nor of the peril to their gallant captain.

(To be continued.)

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1927

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## MYSTERY FIRE DESTROYS FAMOUS FARMHOUSE

The ramshamble Phillips farmhouse, on De Russey's lane, background of the celebrated Hall-Mills case, was reduced to a mound of ashes recently. Fire of unknown origin, raging in a brisk wind, recently engulfed the property that had acquired a criminological fame before firemen could get it under control.

The bodies of the Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor Mills were found 300 feet from the dilapidated farmhouse five years ago, and the case kept the place constantly pictured before the public until last year, when Mrs. Hall and her two brothers, Henry and "Willie" Stevens, were finally acquitted of connection with the crime.

The farmhouse, originally owned by the De Russey family, after whom the now historic De Russey's lane was named, has been untenanted for several years, but previous to September, 1922, gathered local fame as a lover's trysting place. Since its fame became world wide thousands of curious and others attracted by its history have visited the scene and trips to the deserted place and its "crabapple tree" were still a popular attraction for visitors here last summer.

## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### BOSTON MENU REPRESENTS 80,960 LUNCHEON MILES

Statisticians of the Boston Chamber of Commerce estimated that 80,960 "luncheon miles" were involved in laying before its members recently a "transportation day" meal consisting of fruit cocktail, relishes, Philadelphia pepper pot, chicken a la king, ice cream, cake, coffee and rolls.

The product of nine foreign countries and eleven or more states were used. Pepper from Sumatra, 12,000 miles away, held the distance record, while New England tripe was carried the fewest miles.

### OLIVER TWIST SHRINE TO GO UNDER HAMMER

Dickens enthusiasts are now to have an opportunity to purchase Pyrford House, the old Georgian mansion, which was identified by Percy Fitzgerald as the house which the unwilling little Oliver Twist entered under threats from Bill Sikes. The very scullery window, through which Oliver was boosted, still exists.

Pyrford house is now offered for private sale and various Dickens societies are endeavoring to find some wealthy patron who will enable them to acquire it.

### WHALE TOWS FISHERMEN FOR 4 DAYS AND 3 NIGHTS

A tale of a whale which towed two fishing boats about the Arabian Sea for four days and three nights was told in *The Daily Express* recently.

A dispatch to the paper from Karachi, India, said that a thirty-foot whale became entangled in the nets of two fishing boats. After the boats had been towed helplessly about the Indian Ocean for four days and three nights, their signals for distress were seen. Other boats came to the rescue of the fishermen and eighty men after a twenty-four hour struggle succeeded in landing the whale on the beach.

### CITIES SEEK TO END GOITER BY IODINE

Preventive medicine, in carrying on its attack on goiter, has found that entire communities can be dosed through the public supply of drinking water. After the theory had been demonstrated by experiment that endemic goiter is traceable largely, if not entirely, to want of iodine in the human system, public health officials began seeking a means of supplying it. An early measure was the introduction of iodized table salt. Later, an investigation showed that in a given community the occurrence of endemic goiter was in inverse ratio to the amount of iodine in the supply of drinking water, and so the idea of artificial iodine treatment for the city reservoir was conceived.

The city of Rochester was the pioneer in the iodization of drinking water. At present, it is estimated from analysis, every person there takes some three milligrams of iodine every year. Twice a year 16.6 pounds of sodium iodine are dissolved in the water. For a week in May the salt is added every day, then every other day until twenty-one applications have been made, and in October and November the procedure is repeated. As a result, health authorities in Rochester note a reduction in the incidence of goiter there. Elsewhere, both in this country and in England, iodization of drinking water has also been undertaken, though in some communities it has had to be given up on account of the objections raised against it.

Most of the objections commonly raised, according to health authorities, are untenable. The iodine content at present considered desirable is so small that the taste cannot be detected; nor is it thought to be sufficient under any circumstances to exert detrimental effects. Though cost estimates vary widely, the expense is said to be reasonable in view of the possibility of favorable results. The cost in Rochester, for instance, is put at 1 cent a person a year.

## Old Graham's Gold

On the right bank of the Hudson, a few miles above the city of New York, surrounded by stately trees and what had once been a beautiful park, stands a large, roomy old stone mansion.

The present owner of Graham Grange was an old man of some sixty or seventy years of age. He was regarded by his neighbors, as well as all who came in contact with him, as eccentric and miserly. Gerald Graham inherited Graham Grange ten years before the opening of our story from an uncle who had lived to a very ripe old age. The uncle was a very rich and also a very charitable man. When he died everybody for miles around the range felt that he or she had lost a very dear friend.

After the funeral it was found that no will had been made, or if made, it was lost. Gerald Graham up in the interior of the State, was the nearest of kin, being the only child of his only brother, and he became master of the estate.

A few days after Gerald Graham took possession of the estate he made a peremptory demand for every penny due, and would listen to no excuse.

In vain did their wives appeal to Mrs. Graham.

She could do nothing with him.

She was a widow with one daughter when she married Gerald Graham. The daughter was about ten years old at the time, and he had a son two years older.

She frankly told them that her husband was a hard man, and that the lot of the poorest one among them was a happy one compared to hers.

Time wore on, and the more people saw of Gerald Graham the less they liked him. They would have nothing to do with him, and when his hard-worked wife died there were no friends of the family to follow her to the grave.

Years rolled on, and Clarissa Clark, the stepdaughter, grew into a beautiful womanhood. She did all the housework, for her stepfather would keep no servant. Of course he paid her no wages, and allowed her but two dresses and two pairs of shoes a year.

His son George had grown to manhood—a strapping young fellow, with quite a naptitude for business; but, though very rich, his miserly father would not give him a dollar with which to do business, but insisted on his paying for his board and lodging as long as he remained at home.

By and by the firm for which George was working at a small salary failed, and he was thrown out of employment. He tried in vain to secure another at any rate of pay he could get. Business was dull, and the market overstocked with men and women seeking work.

When he paid for his week's board one day he said to his father:

"This is my last dollar. I shall not be able to pay you anything next week unless I can find a situation."

"In that case I shall not be able to board you, young man," was the reply.

"Father," said George, when he could command his voice, "I have paid you in advance for one

week. Give me back the money and I will go away now. I'd rather be turned out of doors now with a few dollars in my pocket than at the end of the week without a penny."

The result was a quarrel, in which the old man had the advantage in being master of the situation. At the end of the week George, having been unable to find work of any description, Clarissa went to the old man and said:

"Father, George has not been able to find work. You surely will not turn him out of the house because he is not able to pay his board?"

"Why should I take care of one who is able to work?" he replied, testily. "He is as well able to work as I am."

"So he is. All he wants is the work to do. He is your son, and—"

"Oh, never mind that, girl. When a man is old enough to take care of himself he should be made to do so. He—"

"Father, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Clarissa cried, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"Silence, girl! Go on about your work, and let me alone. I won't have a big, strapping fellow living on me that way. Let him take care of himself. He is able to work."

"When George goes I'll go, too, father!" snapped Clarissa, turning to leave the room.

"Eh! What's that you say? You go, too, you ungrateful hussy!"

"Ungrateful!" she retorted. "Me ungrateful! Why, I've worked for you six years without a dollar in the way of wages."

"Wages! You had your board and clothes! What more do you want?"

"Ten dollars a year pays for all the clothes you give me," she retorted. "I can get a place at seven dollars a month at Doctor Huntington's, and I am going to go there if George goes away."

While he was thinking of what he should say Clarissa left the room and went to meet George.

"I have heard all that took place between you," said George. "You must not leave here, Clarissa. Stay with him till I come back again, or I shall never be able to hear from him or know how things are. Times won't always be hard with me as they are now. Come what will, dear, I'll never forget you and your kindness to me."

That evening Clarissa prepared supper as usual, looking pale and tearful. Now that George was gone the old house would be simply unbearable. She had not a single companion among the girls of the village, for the reason that not one of them dared to come to the house. The old man looked up at her and said:

"You spoke of going away because George has gone, Clarissa. If you do that not one penny of my money will you ever call your own. Do you understand that?"

"That does not move me in the least, father," she replied.

"Money is a good thing to have," he said, shaking his head.

"It is of no account, save to buy with," she replied. "If one does not use it, of what account is it? I have but two poor dresses. What good would a million dollars do me if I did not buy dresses and such things as I need? Listen to me, father. You have done a thing this day that heaven will punish you for. You have turned your own flesh and blood out into the world without a dollar. George is as good a son as a

father was ever blessed with. But his father loved a dollar more than he loved his son. Be assured that no good will come to you. You will want George some day, and repent of what you have done."

With that Clarissa turned and left the room, leaving the old miser to ponder on what she had said.

A week later was rent day and the old miser went among his tenants and collected several hundred dollars, which he carried home with him and placed in his strong-box under the table in his bedroom, intending to take it to the bank in the morning.

About midnight Clarissa heard a groan, followed by a hoarse cry, coming from old Graham's room.

She sprang out of bed, threw on a wrapper, and hastened to see what the matter was.

Just as she reached the door of the old man's room she felt herself caught roughly by the arm, and a gruff voice said:

"Keep quiet, girl, an' yer'll get no hurt!"

She looked around, and by the dim light of a candle saw a masked man at her side with a revolver in his right hand.

Clarissa then sank down, woman-like, in a dead faint.

"That's all right," growled the burglar, turning away. "She is off my hands now, and I'll attend to you, old man."

It was then the burglar espied the strong-box under the table. He released the pressure on the old man's neck and said:

"Have you the key to that box?"

"No."

He searched the old man's pockets and found several keys, one of which fitted the lock on the box.

"George—George! Clarissa!" he cried in his agony, whilst the burglar was filling his pockets with the money he found in the box.

When Clarissa came to she heard her step-father groaning at a terrible rate. She scrambled to her feet and gazed around the room.

"Why, where is the robber?" she exclaimed.

"He is gone with my precious gold. Oh, oh, oh!" and the old man's groans were awful to hear.

She got a knife and cut the old man loose, and as soon as he could use his limbs he crawled to the box, looked in, and then began tearing his hair and howling with grief over his loss.

As soon as she could Gerald Graham reported his loss to the proper authorities, and was told that the proper steps to find the robber would be taken. But it was the last he ever heard of the precious gold that was stolen.

One day old Doctor Huntington brought Clarissa a letter. It was from George, telling her that he had found a good situation in the city, and that he would send her a present for her birthday two months hence.

Gerald Graham saw her with the letter, and knew it was from George, and asked her if it was.

"Yes, father," she replied, "he has a situation in the city where he can make a good living."

"Give me his address."

She did so. That day the old man wrote to him to come home.

George wrote back that he would never cross the threshold of Graham Grange again until he

could do so independent of his father in a financial sense.

That made the old man very mad.

"Clarissa!" he cried, "I am going to make my will, and if you will promise me not to give George Graham a dollar of my property I'll make you my heir."

"I'll promise you that, father," she said.

The village lawyer came, drew the will, had it properly signed and witnessed, and, after getting his fee, went away.

That night Gerald Graham died in his sleep, of heart disease, and early the next morning Clarissa telegraphed the fact to George.

He came up on the next train and went up to the house.

Clarissa received him with open arms, and left the sole charge of the funeral with him.

He had the old man decently buried, and the day following the village lawyer told him about the old man's will.

He was thunderstruck.

"Why did you not tell me about the will, Clarissa?" he said a few hours later.

"Because I did not think about it," she said. "It was made in my favor on my promise not to give you a dollar of the estate. I made the promise, of course, reserving the right to sell it to you. You can have the entire property for one dollar. Can you afford to pay so much?"

"Oh, yes," he said, handing her the dollar. "It's mine now, is it?"

"Yes, it's all yours."

"Well, now," and he took her hand in his, "I am going to buy a wife with it. I'll give you the whole estate for your hand in marriage. What say you?"

Woman-like, she had to pretend to faint, and then asked him if he loved her.

He vowed that he did, and a few months later they were married.

#### BOGUS "BAD MAN" JAILED

Richard P. English, 31 years old, was sent to the workhouse for ten days on a vagrancy charge recently by Magistrate William C. Dodge in the Tombs Court, when a detective told the Court that the man had been proved not to be the bold, bad criminal he had painted himself recently when he surrendered at the station.

English was intoxicated when he told the detective he was a fugitive from Chicago, where, he said, he had swindled a priest out of \$70,000, and that the Cleveland police also had been seeking him in connection with a series of larcenies in fake real estate transactions. A telegram from the Chicago police was to the effect that English was not wanted there. Another telegram from the Cleveland police, he added, said that although a complaint had been lodged against English there some time ago, it had been withdrawn and English was not wanted. The Cleveland police requested, however, that fingerprints of the man be sent.

The prisoner would not comment on the detective's report. The police suspected from the start that the man made his "confession" to obtain free transportation to Chicago or Cleveland.

## GOOD READING

**"TIGER" CARRIES ON WITH TRADITIONAL GALLANTRY**

Georges Clemenceau, "Father of the Victory" secured by the armistice nine years ago, celebrated the anniversary quietly in his apartment here. The Friendly Association of Vendees in Paris, of which Clemenceau, who has a country retreat on the Vendee coast, is president, called upon him. Two young women in Vendee costumes gave him flowers.

"Tradition," said the "Tiger," "is that when young ladies offer flowers to an old man he should kiss them. Let us take advantage of tradition." He did.

**RIOT TROOPS TO QUELL EXTREMISTS IN FRANCE**

A new armed force to handle riots and extremist demonstrations has been established. Troops no longer will be used for this extra policing that is frequently necessary in Paris and other large cities.

Two legions organized into companies like regiments, but otherwise like the gendarmerie, or constabulary, will have contingents in the principal cities ready to go into action at any time.

This force was formed to enable conscripts, now serving only one year instead of three, as formerly, to give all their time to intensive military training.

**14 CITIES IN ENGLAND ELECT WOMEN MAYORS**

Of the numerous Mayors elected in English and Welsh towns, fourteen of them are women, including Miss Margaret Beavan, Welfare Worker, Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

It is an anomaly in British civil life that women Mayors are not Mayoresses. That title is reserved for the wife or other woman whom the Mayor appoints to assist at social functions.

Thus Mrs. Welsh, the new Mayor of Southampton, appointed her daughter Mayoress to share the social burden of the office.

**SAYS MAN USED TOOLS 450,000 YEARS AGO**

Man has been an intelligent creature for 450,000 years in the opinion of Dr. K. M. Ami, F. R. S. C., President of the Canadian School of Pre-history in France, who has just returned from abroad with 5,000 specimens illustrating the evolution of man's industrial implements.

Doctor Ami for the past three months has been working in the Mousterian deposits near Bordeaux under special concession by the French Government. When the task of classifying the various implements unearthed is completed, Doctor Ami believes he will be able to piece together a complete story dealing with the evolution of implements used by man for thousands of years.

Tools found while he was excavating indicate to

Doctor Ami that man was not always engaged in fighting and was indeed very industrious in the glacial ages. "Primitive man'sexterity in the manufacture of carving tools and similar instruments is amazing," he said.

**MURDERER TAKES BRIDE IN TOMBS**

Edward J. Glasser, twenty-seven, sentenced recently in General Sessions to serve twenty years to life imprisonment for the murder of a clerk in the Hotel Charles, Jan. 27 last, was married in the Tombs chapel a few hours after Judge Nott had pronounced his sentence.

The bride was Miss Mary Konkle, eighteen, of No. 204 East 126th street. The ceremony was performed in the presence of Warden Robert Barr, keepers and prisoners, by the Rev. Dr. John T. Wiles, of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, Broome and Ridge streets, and was witnessed by the mothers of the prisoner and the bride.

Mrs. Glasser, accompanied by several girl friends during the wedding, left the prison shortly after the ceremony. Her mother, Mrs. William Konkle, also lives at No. 204 East 126th street.

To obtain a marriage license it was necessary to take a deposition from the prisoner. Glasser, in addition to his sentence, receives an automatic sentence of five years under the Baumes law for having a revolver.

**REDS WILL SWEEP EUROPE IN NEXT WAR, SAYS STEED**

An American doctrine of peace will do more to end future wars than any other movement in the world to-day, Henry Wickman Steed, former aid to the late Viscount Northcliffe and now editor of the London *Review of Reviews*, declared recently at a meeting of the Buffalo Rotary Club.

Another world war, he said, would mean the spread of Bolshevism over the entire Continent and would find the masses unwilling to fight as they did in 1914.

"The people of England are uncertain what the United States would do if there was a war in Europe," said Mr. Steed. "That is why I advocate a peace doctrine and I have not heard a dissenting voice anywhere in the United States where I have preached my policy. Editors have agreed with me in several cities where I have outlined my theory and I have not received a single objection anywhere in the United States. It is simply this:

"Will America keep its hands entirely free of European affairs, but lay down an American doctrine of peace as fundamental as the Monroe Doctrine, which has influenced international relations for a century? This doctrine would be, in effect, that if any nation engages in a dispute which demands a resort to violence or aggression without having submitted the dispute to some peaceful body or submitted to some peaceful means of adjustment, and if the other nations take steps to penalize the aggressor, will the United States refuse to aid such aggressor in any way?"

## CURRENT NEWS

## DEER VISITS LUNCHROOM

A young and curious buck deer wandered up Market street, one of the city's business thoroughfares, shortly before dawn recently and plunged through a plate glass entrance to a lunchroom. After capering over tables the deer bounded back through the door into the street, and when last seen was heading toward the country behind Vassar College.

ONE-ARM LUNCHES MADE THOMPSON  
\$6,000,000

From the one-arm lunch room John R. Thompson amassed a fortune of \$6,000,000, an inventory of his estate, filed recently, shows.

The principal item in the will of the late chain restaurant operator is 74,698 shares of capital stock in the John R. Thompson Securities Company, holding company for lunch rooms.

Executors of the estate are John R. Thompson, jr., a son; Henry M. Henrikson and the Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago.

BRITISH COXEY'S ARMY FOLLOWS  
CAESAR'S WAY

Roads built for the war chariots of Julius Caesar led the way for Cook's army of unemployed into Bath recently.

The 400 jobless men collected by A. J. Cook, Secretary of the British Miners' Federation, for a 200 mile march to London was divided into two detachments when it completed its second day's journey. The column separated at lunch time when it proved necessary to serve two messes instead of one from the rolling kitchen that accompanied the men from Wales. The first detachment reached here shortly after 5 o'clock and the other soon after.

Upon arrival the marchers were quartered in halls that had been engaged and placed in readiness by local sympathizers. The hosts served hot meals and arranged for various entertainments, including a dance. Only a few of the younger marchers felt light enough on foot for such athletic amusement after the fifteen mile hike from Bristol.

"IT'S CHILLY OUT," GANG HEAD WARNS  
VICTIMS HE LEAVES TROUSERLESS

"Don't catch cold, boys!" was the parting quip of the leader of a gang of five hold-up men who entered the Circolo Terza Italia, and Italian social club headquarters, No. 279 South Sixth street, Newark, recently, and took \$800 in cash and jewelry from the twenty members and then made them remove their trousers to insure the gang's getaway.

The club members, engaged in card games and other diversions, soon after midnight, were suddenly confronted with a sawed-off shotgun in the gang leader's hands, covering them in short arcs. In no time at all their own hands shot upward, while the shotgun holder stationed one of his men at the door and ordered the members into a back room. There, they were frisked by the other three robbers.

"Now take off your pants," commanded the leader. Embarrassed and afraid they might be shot if they lowered their hands, the members hesitated. But, reassured by "I won't shoot you if you behave," they complied.

Then the leader, laughing, mixed up the trousers with his shotgun and sauntered out of the club with his henchmen, only stopping at the door for a warning it was chilly outside.

When one of the members finally had found his trousers and summoned police, the hold-up men had made good their escape.

## TO BAR WOMEN IN CHOIRS

The Right Rev. William A. Hickey has suggested to pastors of Roman Catholic churches in the Providence Diocese that they gradually eliminate women from their parish choirs. The Bishop's suggestion was based on a decree of Pius X. issued in 1908, which condemned the use of female singers in church services. Lack of enough male singers was given as the reason for failure to eliminate the women hitherto.

A representative of the Catholic Church said that only male choristers were employed during the middle ages, but that after the Reformation female voices were introduced into church music and parts were written especially for them.

The revival of the plain chant came early in this century, when Pius X. took the part of the exclusive male choir, although he tolerated the presence of female singers under special circumstances.

DRUG WHOLESALERS PLEDGE SUPPORT  
TO PROHIBITION

Support of Dr. J. M. Doran as prohibition commissioner "in the strict enforcement of the prohibition laws," is one of the chief purposes of a program of activities, centering on research, adopted by the National Wholesale Druggists' Association, according to Sewell Cutler, of Boston, whose election as president of the association was announced recently through the Drug Trade Bureau of Public Information, 51 Maiden Lane.

"The association," Mr. Cutler said in making public plans to develop fair practices in trade, "will enter actively into the development of a platform of business principles which we believe constitute sound economics and fair trade practice and which we hope may serve as a guide to the entire drug industry."

Mr. Cutler made public a letter from President Coolidge which said: "Trade organizations, inspired by high motives and properly managed, can be of great benefit not only to their members, but to the public as well."

The attitude of Secretary of Commerce Hoover is declared in a resolution to be constructive and sympathetic toward trade associations. In controlling credit and collections, the association will foster preventive rather than curative measures, it was announced. It has been proposed to watch not only business expenditures of the merchants who buy, but also their personal and domestic outlays.

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

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